

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI

TORONTO, JULY, 1903

No. 3

## THIRTY-SIX YEARS OF DOMINION

*By Norman Patterson*



HIRTY-SIX years is not a long period in the life of a nation, and thirty-six years of national progress cannot be easily estimated. It is only the progress of centuries which can be dissected and weighed and valued with ease and precision. Nor must the centuries be too close to the analytic observer. A nation may seem to be doing well, yet later observation with more information and a broader vision may reverse the verdict. Australia's rise to prominence was swifter than Canada's, but those who have seen both countries think that Canada will ultimately play a larger part in the world's history.

Whether or not Canada's advance is permanent, there is no doubt that a development of some kind is proceeding. The evidences of her material, social and intellectual expansion are patent and indisputable. It is the purpose of this article to present these evidences in brief form, while leaving to the reader the right to decide whether this expansion is of small moment or indicative of the building up of a new nationality of first importance.

The population has certainly grown slowly since July 1st, 1867, the date of Confederation. The bulk of European emigration to America went to the United States, where new districts were being opened up, new enterprises inaugurated in great numbers and with start ing rapidity. Canada received

little attention. Her lands lay farther north where the climate was apparently less inviting, and her possibilities were unknown. Even the brightest of the Canadian youth failed to recognize the possibilities and preferred to cross the line and assist in the development of the Republic. There was little national enthusiasm in the country. Nova Scotia was sure that Confederation was a mistake. New Brunswick was doubtful. Quebec and Ontario thought it would be justified in time. The Northwest Territory was purchased, and the Province of Manitoba was erected in 1870, British Columbia en-



HON. JAMES COCKBURN

First Speaker of the House of Commons



HON. EDWARD BLAKE  
Minister of Justice 1875-1877

tered Confederation the following year and Prince Edward Island in 1873. Even with these accessions and expansions, the growth of population was



RT. HON. SIR JOHN THOMPSON, K.C.M.G., P.C.  
Premier Dec. 1892-Dec. 1894

slow, for the reasons stated. The increase from 1871 to 1881 was only a little over 800,000, while the two succeeding decades showed only about 500,000 each. The total increase from 1871 to 1901 was thus but 1,885,290, or a little over 50 per cent. In 1902 and 1903 there has been a distinct improvement, and the growth has been much more rapid. The emigration from Canada to the United States has been reversed, and the immigrant from Europe is looking to Canada rather than to the United States as the future Eldorado.

This is the least encouraging part of Canada's story. The wealth of the country has increased steadily and rapidly. In 1868, the deposits in the chartered banks, savings banks, loan companies and private banks was about \$45,000,000. These have grown in the thirty-six years to approximately \$517,000,000, made up as follows:

DEPOSITS, 1903.

Chartered Banks.....	\$412,000,000
Savings Banks.....	80,000,000
Loan Companies.....	20,000,000
Private Banks.....	5,000,000

Total.....\$517,000,000

This is an increase from \$12 per head of the population to about \$90—a gratifying showing. During the same time the paid-up capital of the banks has increased from thirty to seventy-five millions, the bank notes in circulation from nine to sixty millions, and the bank assets from eighty to six hundred and thirty-five millions.

Growth in foreign trade is usually taken to indicate prosperity. If this be true, Canada is prosperous indeed. Mr. Fielding, in his recent budget speech, gives these figures:

Year. TOTAL FOREIGN TRADE.

1868.....	\$131,027,532
1870.....	148,387,829
1875.....	200,957,262
1880.....	174,401,205
1885.....	198,179,847
1890.....	218,607,390
1895.....	224,420,485
1900.....	381,517,236
1901.....	386,903,157
1902.....	423,910,441

In the official report of Mr. Fielding's speech this table is labelled "Total Trade," which of course is misleading. These figures do not include the internal trade of the country, which has certainly expanded with equal rapidity and regularity. One point in connection with this development must be noted, which is that the exports have increased faster than the imports, so that our exports of home produce now equal our imports for home consumption. In other words, Canada buys from the world no more than she sells.

In the matter of railway progress Canada stands well. In 1867 there were two thousand miles of track; to-day there are nineteen thousand. In 1867 there was not a mile of railway in Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, the Territories or British Columbia, but since these districts came into Confederation, they have become the possessors of about six thousand miles of track. The total capital invested in railways is about one billion of dollars, and the gross earnings in 1901 were seventy-three millions, with the working expenses about twenty-three millions less. In 1867 there were 500 locomotives in use, to-day there are about 3,000. In 1867 there were 8,000 cars of all kinds, to-day there are ten times as many. In addition to the expansion in railways, over seventy millions of dollars have been spent on canal building, and the canals of Canada now cover  $73\frac{3}{4}$  miles. The tonnage of the vessels passing through the canals has doubled since 1885.

The net debt of Canada has increased from \$75,757,135 to \$266,179,089, an increase not to be eulogized, but not to be condemned. While other young nations have been increasing their debt enormously, Canada has been careful and conservative. It has risen from \$25 per capita to \$48 per capita, yet it is no more a burden to-day than it was in 1867. This year the public debt will be decreased by several millions, while Canadian Government bonds stand higher than any other colonial bonds with British investors—



HON. JOSEPH HOWE

President of Council 1869, Secretary of State  
1869-1873



RT. HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

Premier 1896



THE LATE SIR JOHN BOURINOT



ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN



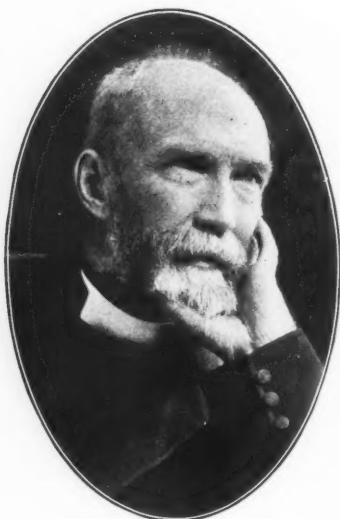
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM DAWSON

## THREE MEN PROMINENT IN CANADA'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT

two noteworthy testimonies to Canada's fiscal soundness and stability.

Canada's intellectual progress has kept pace with her material progress. In 1867 the Post-Office carried eighteen million newspapers, in 1902 it carried one hundred and twenty million. Since 1867 the number of post-offices has almost trebled, while the number of letters carried has increased more than tenfold. Her universities, colleges and schools have multiplied, her

literary and scientific societies have made themselves felt in learned circles, her litterateurs and scientists have taken rank with those of other lands, while her educational system has never fallen much behind the world's best progress. Sir William Dawson and Sir Daniel Wilson were foremost among the world's scientists in their day; Garneau, Todd, Kingsford and Bourinot have contributed to the world's history; William Kirby, Archbishop O'Brien, Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Sir Louis Frechette and other poets, have won admiration from the whole Anglo-Saxon world; Sir Gilbert Parker and W. A. Fraser are known as novelists on two continents. Canadian art has not been vigorous, but the names of O'Brien, Harris, Watson, Walker and Reid are guarantees of future development as well as past progress. The names of Macdonald, Howe, Grant, Blake, Mowat, Mills, Thompson and Laurier are written in the history of constitutional development in self-governing countries. Fleming, Allan, Mountstephen, Strathcona and Van Horne are titles branded upon the tablet records of commercial enterprise and activity. And lastly, the records of the British army and navy are not without the names of Canadians who have done honour to their country and their country's flag. The diffusion of knowledge and the development of the higher virtues have



THE LATE G. M. GRANT, D.D.  
Principal of Queen's University

kept pace with the progress in agriculture, mining, manufacturing and commerce.

Viewed purely as a self-governing British Colony, Canada has made an impression upon the world. Before 1867 hers were the problems of a small colony whose territory stretched only from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the shores of Lake Huron. After 1867 these became the problems of a greater colony. When the West was added in 1870 and 1871, these became the problems of a half continent. Could the people of Canada govern themselves, garrison their own forts, control their own tariff, settle and cultivate their newly acquired territory, direct their own postal system, build canals and railways, found schools and universities—could Canada do all these things without Imperial control and assistance? The colonies of France and Germany had never done it. Among British colonies only the Australian and Canadian were attempting it. The Canadian tariff had been made in London until 1847; the postal system had been directed from London until 1851; the Canadian forts were garrisoned by British troops even at the time of Confederation; what railways and canals were built before 1867 were directed from London or received Imperial aid. These circumstances raised doubts in the minds of many people in the late sixties and early seventies as to what success Canada would have in governing and sustaining herself. Yet the success of the colonial experiment has been so great, the governing of Canada is so smooth and the satisfaction of both Parent and Child is so evident, that we wonder why there were doubters in 1867. Canada has prospered under her democratic charter of liberties. Neither the Governor-General sent from Great Britain, the titles bestowed upon loyal Canadians by the Ruler at Windsor Castle, or the Crown-nominated Senate on the one hand, nor the democratic liberty-loving crowd of Canadian voters on the other hand, has been able to stay the legislative and admin-



THE LATE ANDREW ALLAN  
Steamboat Owner

istrative progress of Britain's banner colony. The Canadian system of government is new and unique, but it is unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

With a firm financial basis and an excellent system of government, the only missing requirements for Canada's progress is a supply of people. As her fame spreads this lack will be slowly overcome. The Iclander, the



LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN  
Railway Builder



HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR

A leading figure in the commercial development of British Columbia

Finlander and the other enterprising races of Northern Europe have heard the call and have sent their advance agents to spy out the land. The reports sent back are reassuring. Scotland is sending immigrants as freely as in the days of Sir William



HON. JOHN NORQUAY

Premier of Manitoba 1878-1887

Alexander or in those of Lord Selkirk. England, Wales and Ireland have in 1903 broken all previous records for presentations of citizens. Even the Canadian who some years ago wandered across the line into the Western States to seek home and happiness, is putting his children and his possessions into the prairie-schooner and is wending his way northward to the Canadian wheatlands.

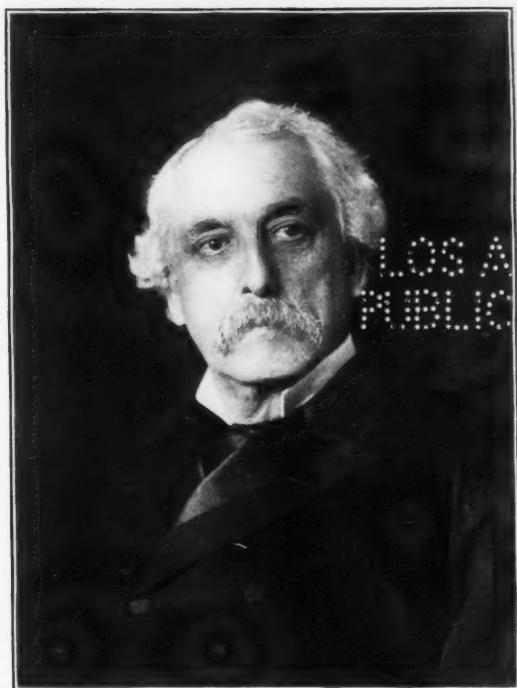
All these new arrivals are absorbing the national sentiment which is



SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

Novelist

the result of thirty-six years of peace and prosperity as a united Canada, and are duplicating the energy and the ambitions of the older citizens. And this means much. More than three-fourths of the arable lands of Canada are still uncultivated. There is room within our boundaries for twenty-five millions of happy and prosperous citizens. But they must be good, law-abiding, crown-respecting, liberty-loving or the thirty-six years of Dominion will be undone.



ANDREW F. GAULT

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLIV.—ANDREW F. GAULT



**I**f would be difficult to say whether Mr. Andrew Frederick Gault is known better in the city of Montreal as a "Captain of Industry" or as a fairy godfather to the Church of England. Something would depend upon the point of view of the Montrealer whose opinion was asked. But he could hardly escape in any case the knowledge that Mr. Gault was at the head of a great wholesale establishment, that he had under his control mills that are sprinkled with almost prodigal profusion across the country from Brantford, in mid-Ontario, to Halifax, down by the sea; that he is, in fact, a remarkable industrial exotic—a Cotton King in Canada; while, on the other hand, if our Montrealer will sit in Dominion Square of a summer

evening he will hear the Gault chimes played at St. George's, and if he will then walk up toward McGill, and turn mountainward on the east side, he will pass the tasty and attractive buildings of the Montreal Diocesan College, which Mr. Gault erected and endowed. And even then our Montrealer will have only begun to reckon up the items which are to finally decide him as to the way in which he is to ticket Mr. Gault in his memory.

Mr. Gault is an Irishman. He was born at Strabane, Ireland, in 1833, and came to this country when a boy. Since then the record of his achievements is, perhaps, an indication of the battles he has fought with the world; but they have not been able to paralyze that impulsive generosity, that friendliness of manner, that innate inclination to

"love the brotherhood," which is one of the few gifts with which the Green Isle can still enrich her sons. Happily for the lad, he came thus early to a country where all paths are open to ability and where opportunity beckons from every hilltop; and when still but little more than a boy young Andrew went into a wholesale dry goods house to learn the business.

In Canada promotion does not wait on the almanac—especially when the candidate has the pluck to promote himself. So in 1853, when but twenty years of age, we find the young merchant setting up for himself in a small store on St. Paul Street, in partnership with Mr. J. B. Stevenson, under the name of Gault, Stevenson & Co. This arrangement lasted, however, only four years; and in 1857 Mr. A. F. Gault joined with Mr. R. L. Gault, his brother, under the firm name of Gault Bros. & Co. This was the title under which the hard fighting has been done, and many victories won. Mr. Samuel Finley, a brother-in-law of Mr. Gault, was a member of this firm for a time, but finally it was all thrown into the form of a joint-stock company when Mr. Finley retired, and Mr. Leslie Gault, Mr. R. W. McDougall and Mr. James Rodgers were admitted to active membership. The new company is known as the Gault Bros. Company, Limited; and it has established branch warehouses at Winnipeg and Vancouver. This indicates that there has been no slackening in the initiative of the Gault leadership. When Canada was practically bounded on the west by Lake Superior, a wholesale house in Montreal commanded the field; but to-day the new Canada of the West can only be satisfactorily fed from its two commercial capitals.

But "Gault Bros." is only one part—and by no means the best known part—of Mr. Gault's commercial command. Something like thirty years ago, he decided to go into the manufacture of cotton in this country, purchasing a small mill at Hastings, Ont., which he afterwards removed to Cornwall, where it formed a part of the

Stormont Manufacturing Co. This had then the appearance of a "side line" to his successful dry goods establishment; but it has extended and absorbed until now it is one of the most widely ramified and best organized industries in the Dominion. An important step taken by Mr. Gault in 1875 was his entrance upon the directorate of the Hudon Cotton Co., which afterwards became merged in the great Dominion Cotton Co., of which Mr. Gault is now President. This corporation manages mills in Brantford and Kingston, Ont.; in the Eastern Townships, in Montreal and Hochelaga, and in Halifax, Moncton and Windsor, in the Maritime Provinces.

But a list of the cotton and woollen mills with which Mr. Gault is connected through his various companies would read like a page out of the industrial section of the census. He is the great organizer of this branch of Canadian industry; and when the cotton section of the Manufacturers' Association was formed the other day he was elected President as a matter of course. He is especially proud, however, of the Montreal Cotton Company mill—one of the finest mills for the manufacture of cotton in the world. The quality of work done here will challenge comparison with anything of the kind produced elsewhere, and is the sort of industrial output for which Canada should strive. It is not enough for us to simply produce goods which "will do;" we have now reached a stage in our development when our manufacturers must aim to produce an article which will suit the Canadian taste, at all events, better than anything offered in the open market of the world. This mill employs about 3,500 hands and has magnificent modern equipment.

So much for the bare bones of the Captain of Industry side of his character. It is easy to look at the young lad of twenty pitting himself fearlessly against the competition of "all-Canada" in his little store on St. Paul Street; and then to turn to the many evidences of his splendid success as a mer-

chant and manufacturer, and so judge the distance that he has come. But unless Mr. Gault should give us an autobiography some day, it will be impossible to fill in with certainty the flesh and blood of dauntless endeavour, of quick perception of opportunity, of commanding defeat to look like victory until the enemy retire and make it truly so, which go to the rounding out of this skeleton. Few successful men recognize the duty of autobiography. Sometimes they fear being accused of "blowing their own horns;" at others, they are skeptical as to the worth of such a book to the world; some few do it, but without the frankness, fulness and honesty which would make it valuable. Yet there is no inspiration for a young man at all comparable to the true life story of an older man of somewhat similar attainments who has succeeded. The duty of autobiography is akin to the duty of endowing a college.

And this latter duty Mr. Gault has performed with a splendid fidelity. The Montreal Diocesan Theological College has been his child from the first. He presented its first building to the Bishop some time ago, and then when these quarters became unsuitable, he built the institution its commodious and strikingly beautiful new home just east of the McGill grounds. Nor was he content to stop here, for he handsomely endowed the college for its work. Indeed, all along, as we said to commence with, Mr. Gault has been the fairy godfather of the Church of England in this diocese. St. George's owes its music to him, and many a church scheme owes him its existence. So long ago as 1894, a fine testimonial was presented to him by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, and many of the clergy and laymen of the city and district, in recognition of his widespread generosity to the church in this diocese. So unusual an honour marks more clearly than a recital of large benefactions, the extent to which he has assisted the church of his choice in ways that never get into the papers—but do get into the hearts of a hard-

worked clergy and suffering people.

Mr. Gault has, of course, interested himself in other lines of both business and philanthropy. We have spoken incidentally of his woollen mills, and his connection with this branch of industry may be better appreciated if we add that he is President of two distinct woollen manufacturing companies—the Trent Valley and the Excelsior. Then he is a director of the Bank of Montreal and the Chairman of the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co. Coming to the more philanthropic side of his work, we find him acting as President of the Protestant House of Industry and Refuge in Montreal, Vice-Principal of the Montreal Diocesan Theological College, and a Governor of "Old McGill." Torontonians may remember that he was a member at one time of the "Empire" company, but this is as close as he ever got to active political life. He married in 1864 Louise Sarah, daughter of Henry B. Harman, of Surrey, England. Every visitor to Montreal knows Mr. Gault's attractive home on Sherbrooke street. The typical architecture of the city is heavy and gray—and nothing could be finer, especially when sifted over with a powdering of snow marking its roughness. But Mr. Gault has brightened up the gray stone with a light effect, and the tourist driving up Sherbrooke Street between the palaces of the millionaires is sure to exclaim at "Rokeby" when it falls upon his eye. There is a geniality—almost a vivacity—about it, and a frank challenge to the taste and admiration of the passer-by. One feels instinctively that a companionable man dwells within, and warms toward him. It is not often that the architects will let a man so write his character on the exterior of his home, but in this case it has been done, and the passing tourist who sees nothing of Mr. Gault but "Rokeby," and hears only the chimes of St. George's, goes away with no very inadequate notion of the man whose name has been mentioned by the "cabby" in connection with both.

A. R. C.



GRAIN FIELDS AND GRAIN ELEVATORS—A SCENE ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE

## ELEVATORS AND MODERN GRANARIES

*By Dermot McEvoy*



VERYBODY is familiar with the outlines of grain elevators. Their peculiar shape and enormous height at once attract attention.

It required nerve to build the first, both from a financial and a physical standpoint, but the former has vanished since elevators have proved indispensable in grain handling, and only the latter remains. As years go by these buildings are projected on more daring lines, and it is not only carpenters and their labourers who have to work at dizzy heights, but bricklayers and boilermakers, for with the change in design has come a change in the material used in construction. The first elevator was built shortly after the opening up of Kansas, the Dakotas and Montana, and was the direct outcome of the resultant crops.

Forty years ago flat warehouses were used for storing grain, and in these it often covered the floors to a depth of three feet. The greatest inconvenience in this method was the loss of time in spreading and gathering up the grain when shipments were

received or despatched. Another defect in this system was the large area covered in proportion to the amount of grain stored. On the prairie, where building material is scarce, this was found a serious drawback, but not more so than the cost of the real estate required in large cities where the grain had to be handled on its way through to distant markets. It was with a view to overcoming these difficulties that the first "elevator" was designed. It is a typical American invention, combining ingenious mechanical devices with natural laws. When grain is received at prairie elevators it is weighed on flat scales like those found in use by municipalities, and which are generally known as the "city scales." When the waggon-load is driven off the scales it is drawn up at the side of the elevator and shovelled or dumped into a pocket at the side of the building. A chute leads from this pocket into what is known as the "boot," an iron basin into which the wheat falls. In this boot a pulley is used as a guide for a belt. The belt has metal cups riveted to one side of it, and it is driven by a



FARMERS DELIVERING GRAIN AT THE VILLAGE ELEVATORS

pulley located above the highest working floor in the building. The incoming stream of grain is caught up by the endless belt of cups, and carried to a height of perhaps fifty feet, where the belt makes the turn at the upper end of its circuit. At this point the cups are inverted, and the grain is thrown out into a spout, which is placed in such a position that it can convey the grain into any one of several bins, where it is stored till the time comes for it to be

loaded into box-cars and forwarded to the consumer.

It is seldom that the grain is forwarded direct to the consumer from the prairie elevator. In many cases it has to pass through several elevators. When a million bushels of Manitoba wheat is destined to be used in England, it is carried in waggons from the farm to the elevator on the prairie, where it is stored by the railway; the next journey will be by box-car, say,



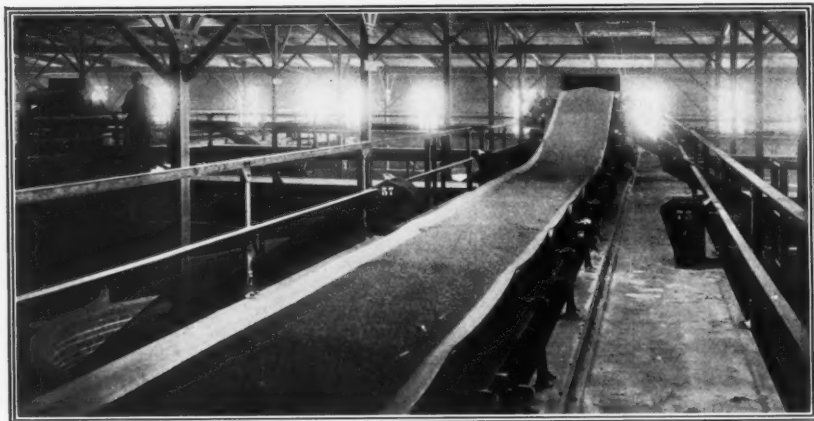
A MODERN TRANS-SHIPING AND STORAGE ELEVATOR—THIS ONE IS AT PORT ARTHUR, ONT., AND IS THE PROPERTY OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY—CAPACITY TWO MILLION BUSHELS

to Port Arthur, where it will be put through the same elevating process, but at this point it will be loaded into steamers which take it as far as Montreal. At Montreal it will be elevated again from the lake steamer and loaded into an ocean freighter, which may possibly run to the Manchester ship canal, where the grain will be elevated perhaps for the last time before it is distributed to the manufacturers of breadstuffs, who change its form and put it on the English market as food.

This shows in a measure how elevators have come into use as the best

idea of their indispensability in the transportation of grain. As working drawings are sometimes puzzling to those who are not accustomed to them, the writer has made an attempt to picture the inner workings of an elevator without respect to proportion in details, and presents it herewith in the hope that all who see it may be able to understand without difficulty how the grain is received, weighed, stored and delivered again to the box-car or vessel which is to take it away.

A glance at the photograph of an elevator will elucidate matters. The



UPPER STORY OF A GRAIN STOREHOUSE—THE GRAIN TRAVELS ON A RUBBER BELT AT THE RATE OF 700 FEET PER MINUTE ON ITS WAY FROM THE WEIGHING BIN TO THE STORAGE TANKS. A SIMILAR ARRANGEMENT TAKES IT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE TANKS BACK TO THE ELEVATOR FOR LOADING ON CARS OR SHIPS.

means of facilitating the transportation of grain.

Occasionally large storehouses are found in connection with elevators, and some of these may be found at Port Arthur, Fort William and Montreal. These are built as a rule in the form of circular tanks, and are constructed of hollow tile, as at Port Arthur, or steel plate, as at Fort William and Montreal.

The general arrangement is much the same in all elevators and modern granaries, so that by studying the new Canadian Northern elevator at Port Arthur one is able to form a very good

corrugated iron-covered building to the left is called the working house. It is so built that two trains of box-cars can run in at the base and be unloaded or loaded as the case may be, and it is situated conveniently for the largest of the lake steamers to draw up alongside and take on their cargoes in an incredibly short time.

The high brick chimney, which is a main feature of the picture, gives a slight idea of the capacity of the steam boilers which are contained in the little brick building at its base, and the power required for handling the grain. To the right of the picture the end



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE UPPER STORY OF A MODERN GRAIN STOREHOUSE

and side rows of the eighty tanks are seen, and above them the belt house connected by five steel bridges with the working house on the left. This picture was taken in January last, and although the temperature was on an average 12 degrees below zero, work was being pushed along, and before the end of the month the huge tanks were filled with grain.

In the working house the grain is

received, elevated, weighed and discharged. The tanks are the storehouses. At this elevator there are eighty of them, each eighty-three feet high and twenty-three feet in diameter, each having a capacity of 23,000 bushels of wheat. The total capacity of the storage is two million bushels, the interstices between the tanks holding altogether 160,000 bushels.

In the accompanying elevation is



BUILDING A MODERN ELEVATOR AND STOREHOUSES. THE TANKS SHOWN HERE ARE MADE OF STEEL PLATES AND ARE ONLY PARTIALLY CONSTRUCTED

shown the general outline of the building seen in the photograph, but the chimney and boiler house and part of the other buildings themselves have been removed so that the belts and metal cups, the pulleys and spouts which are used for receiving and distributing the grain can easily be seen.

At the lower floor you can see the ends of two box-cars, and can imagine men inside scooping out the grain into the pocket, which takes the place of

horizontal rubber belts, which travel at the rate of 700 feet per minute. If this is done the grain is carried so rapidly that it has not time to spill off the belt, but it is whirled across the bridges towards the storage tanks, where it makes the acquaintance of an ingenious contrivance called a tripper. The tripper does just what its name implies, and does it so well that scarcely a grain of the madly rushing ribbon of wheat ever avoids the fall into the

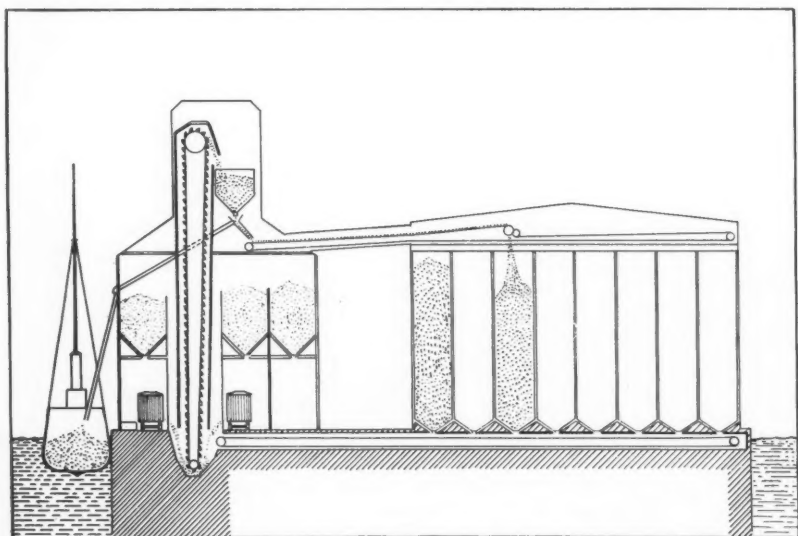


DIAGRAM OF MODERN ELEVATOR AND STOREHOUSE

On the left is the elevator where cars are unloaded. This is connected by steel bridges with the belt house above the storage tanks. The grain is elevated, weighed and carried to the bins. When required, it passes out again at the bottom, back to the elevator, up to the weighing bin and by spouts to vessel or cars.

the "boot" of the prairie elevator. In this pocket can be seen the pulley round which the belt is running with its continuous chain of cups. These cups catch up the grain and take it up nearly a hundred feet to the top of the working house, where it falls out into a chute, at the bottom of which there is a bin, swung on a scale beam, and here the grain is weighed. From this bin it can be sent in either of several directions. It may be allowed to run out after being weighed on to long

abysmal depths of the tank above which the machine happens to be located. In the drawing a tripper can be seen operating above the third tank from the left. By pulling a lever the tripper can be moved to a position above any of the tanks in the row, and fastened there so that it may discharge the wheat from the carrying belt into the tank at the will of the operator. The belts are endless, and each a yard wide and about five-hundred feet long. In this elevator there

are five of them above the tanks and five below, and each pair of belts serves two rows of tanks and the spaces between them. Now suppose all the tanks are filled and a vessel is to be loaded with wheat from one of them. You will notice the bottoms of the tanks are funnel-shaped, and that there is a little door at the centre of each at the lowest point. When this door is open the grain runs out on to

the lower carrying belt, which travels back with it underground to the pocket where the elevator picks it up, and carries it to the scales at the top of the building. But when it leaves the scale bin now it drops down through a series of spouts into the hold of a vessel lying at the wharf, and starts once more on its journey to the consumer.

## JOURNALISM AND THE UNIVERSITY\*

By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun



N Canada, as indeed in all democratic countries, the welfare of the press is of the first importance. To strengthen its power for good is a task that may fittingly engage the attention of all who labour in the service of the state. If you can benefit the press, either through the universities or by any other means, you confer a benefit upon the whole community since the modern newspaper is essentially a popular educator and a moral force. It may seem strange that no serious attempt has been made to bring the influence of universities directly to bear upon the press. The explanation will be found to lie in the very nature and growth of newspapers, and the commonly accepted ideas of university functions. An examination of the conditions in which each does its work, and the circumstances under which each has developed, will make the matter plain.

### FUNCTIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

It may reasonably be argued that the Canadian universities, like similar institutions in other lands, have no spe-

cial obligations to discharge in respect to the training of young men for a journalistic career. They are governed by traditions and experience that are centuries old, while the newspaper press is a thing of yesterday. True, a liberal view is beginning to prevail concerning the scope and functions of universities. Some of the old traditions have been modified. "As it exists at present," says Prof. Ramsay, F.R.S., "a university is a technical school for theology, law, medicine, and engineering; it ought also to be a place for the advancement of knowledge, for the training of philosophers who love wisdom for its own sake." In addressing convocation at the newly-established University of Birmingham last year Mr. Joseph Chamberlain sought to express in one sentence the modern view of a university's functions. "A university," he said, "should be a place where knowledge is taught, tested, increased, and applied." Within the liberal terms of this definition almost any important branch of intellectual work could find lodgment. In days to come a process of evolution may broaden the scope of

\* This is one of two Essays which divided a prize of \$250 given by Sir Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University. Through the special permission of the Editors of *The Queen's Quarterly*, who are publishing twelve of the Essays in book form, *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* is enabled to give this Prize Essay to its readers.—THE EDITOR.

universities so that they will leave untouched scarcely any kind of professional training. The modern state is continually demanding new qualifications of the individuals who compose it. The functions of government, the varied branches of industrial employment, the application of science to manual labour have all created a necessity for special education. The universities have met these demands in an enlightened spirit and by a generous compromise with tradition. The ideas of utility have been permitted to invade the supreme centre of learning pursued for its own sake. To fix an exact limit to the future extension of university education is impossible. But at the present time the chief purpose of universities, in addition to the pursuit of knowledge as a means of culture, is the preparation of students for the learned professions—the church, the bar, medicine, and engineering. With functions thus circumscribed it is easy to understand why the press and the universities have developed on separate lines, and why a proposal to consider the readjustment of their relations to one another possesses an appearance of novelty.

#### JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION.

Journalism is not, strictly speaking, a profession. It has not by law the status or the privileges of one. "It is often loosely called a profession," says Mr. Lowndes, an experienced London journalist, "although it never has been and never can be one in the sense in which we apply the word to the bar or medicine or the Services. If a Council of Journalistic Education was constituted to-morrow it would be unable to find any definite minimum of knowledge on which it could fairly insist before granting diplomas in journalism. An examination in journalism itself is unthinkable."\* The members of the press, in short, are not incorporated as a society possessing the exclusive right to say who shall be journalists and who shall not. They

cannot fix a standard of education and demand that all who desire to enter upon journalistic work shall come up to that standard. There is a distinct tendency in modern times to confer professional status upon architects, accountants, dentists, chemists, and other classes of persons whose occupations seem to warrant a restriction of membership, for public protection, to those who have undergone technical training. But the press remains to-day what it has been from the beginning—a body of persons whose position, influence, and efficiency have been determined under conditions of absolutely free competition. There is an open door to all who aspire to enter. The only privileges are those secured by individual fitness.

How are we to explain this absence of professional exclusiveness? The origin and development of the press account for it. The freedom to write and print, subject only to the laws against libel, was not secured by agitation on behalf of a class. It was part of the general movement for civil and religious liberty. Every individual in the British Empire, whether learned or ignorant, has inherited the right to ventilate his views in print, just as he shares liberty of free speech with all the other subjects of the King. This universal enjoyment of unlicensed printing, for which Milton pleaded so eloquently in his "Areopagitica," forbids the idea of the press being what we are accustomed to term a close corporation. The germ of this liberty can be traced to remote ages. The ancient Greeks placed no restrictions upon any kind of writings except those which were blasphemous or libellous. After the invention of printing in Western Europe the restrictions upon publication emanated either from ecclesiastical powers or arbitrary governments. The abolition of the censorship in England in 1693, and the modification of the libel laws a century later, securing for the printer the right of trial by jury, have inseparably associated the press with popular freedom and representative government. The rise of the press is one of the

\* Contemporary Review, Dec., 1901.

most remarkable chapters in the constitutional history of England. Newspapers are at once the mirror of the community and an index of the institutions it enjoys. An agitation to confer professional rank upon journalism would certainly encounter the hostility entertained in free communities against a revival of the censorship in any form, and against the creation of privileges calculated to impair the freedom of uttered opinion. Privilege being, as Burke declared, "the eldest son of prerogative and inheriting the vices of its parent," all efforts to elevate the press must respect its fundamental attributes.

#### EDUCATION AND THE PRESS.

The universities, owing to their present form, and the press, by reason of its nature and origin, having hitherto failed to come into close contact, it is necessary to examine with some minuteness the precise conditions of modern journalism before we can determine what the future relations of these two great organs for popular improvement are likely to be. The press has reached its highest development in the British Empire and in the United States of America. It reflects with accuracy the average rate of popular intelligence and education to be found in the several parts of these two countries. Where the governing classes are numerous and attain a high degree of general culture, as in Great Britain, the press responds to the superior rather than to the average grade of education. The British press is a signal illustration of this responsiveness to the best standards of taste, conduct, and intelligence. Its development is full of encouragement for those who aim at the elevation of newspapers as a means of ennobling the public ideals. Increase of its efficiency as a vehicle of information has gone hand in hand with its regard for the best traditions of English life and the honour and safety of the state. Violence of tone, so characteristic of the first half-century of daily newspapers, has almost disappeared. The literary finish and

the thoroughness of knowledge which mark the principal British journals have placed them upon a plane scarcely equalled in other countries. The mark of the well-trained university man is often discernible. The lofty tone and the insight into the most abstruse questions of politics, science and art, have won for the British press an enviable reputation all over the world. This standard of excellence was not reached at a bound. It was the result of long experience and the diffusion of learning among the middle classes. To restrain license of expression, to elevate the mode of discussion, to make the press worthy of the respect and confidence of the nation was the aim of men of letters. Long ago Carlyle voiced this wish when he said: "The importance and supreme importance of the man of letters in modern society and how the press is to such a degree superseding the pulpit, the Senate, the *Senatus Academicus* and much else, have been admitted for a good while; and recognized often enough in late times with a sort of sentimental triumph and wonderment. It seems to me the sentimental by and by will have to give place to the practical. If men of letters are so incalculably influential, actually performing such work for us from age to age, and even from day to day, then I think we may conclude that men of letters will not always wander like unrecognized, unregulated Ishmaelites among us!"\* With Carlyle's clear perceptions he recognized that to form a literary guild was an undertaking "encumbered with all manner of complexities." While the difficulties were being weighed, and the problem of giving professional dignity and prestige to an institution in essence non-professional was being considered from every point of view, the British press advanced steadily by reason of a material prosperity which attracted men of intellect, scholarship and standing to the ranks of its writers. The members of the journalistic body began to

\*Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History.

form a class by themselves, until today we see an apparent exception to the non-professional status of newspapers in the British Institute of Journalists.

As England is the mother of free institutions and a free press, any tendencies toward the regulation of newspapers in that country, and the organization or elevation of writers as a class naturally call for the most careful consideration. The Institute grew out of a society of journalists, and was incorporated in 1890 by an Act of Parliament. While its founders included many of the most distinguished publishers and editors in the United Kingdom, and while its objects and purposes, as set forth in the Act, provided for the promotion of the interests of journalism and journalists "by all reasonable means," no exclusive powers whatsoever were conferred upon its members. The British press remains, as to membership, a perfectly free and untrammelled institution. To be a member of the Institute may confer distinction upon the British journalist, but it gives him no rights that were not his before, and is not a necessary passport to employment or success in his chosen calling. The feature of the Institute which bears directly upon the question now under discussion is the educational standard set up for the admission of pupil-associates and members. The examination of candidates is being put in force this year for the first time. The pupil-associates are required to possess an elementary knowledge of (1) English history, (2) English literature (3) mathematics, (4) Latin, or French, or German, (5) grammatical construction. In addition, their fitness for newspaper work will be tested by the writing of a short paper on a general topic, the condensation by one-third of a long report of some occurrence, questions involving general knowledge, and the ability to write shorthand. A clearer view of what kind of education is of special value to a journalist is afforded by the scheme of examination prescribed for membership. The candidate is re-

quired to show proficiency in (1) the English language, (2) English literature, (3) English constitutional and political history, (4) political and physical geography; and he shall be examined in (1) Latin, (2) French or German, (3) natural science or mathematics, (4) general history, (5) political economy, (6) the principles and practice of the law of newspaper libel and copyright, (7) general information. The examinations are to be "conducted throughout with a special view to the requirements of practical newspaper work." Special certificates are granted to those who choose to submit to an optional test in (a) verbatim reporting, (b) condensation, (c) descriptive writing, (d) the conduct of the best known branches of public and legal business. This scheme of education is of interest because it is the first attempt set down in detail the range of subjects deemed requisite for a working journalist. It will be seen later on what relation this attempt may bear to the training now in vogue at the universities. Meantime, the point to be noted is that the Institute has declared for an educational test of membership, mindful that its own status would be affected were it to consist merely of persons able to pay the fees and lacking all literary distinction. It is by no means to be inferred that the best journalistic work on the British press, such as political leadership, war correspondence, special articles on all current questions, etc., is invariably done by university men. In Great Britain, as in Canada, many of the most accomplished writers and most successful editors are not college-bred. What may fairly be argued, however, is that the British press owes its potency and prestige as much to the educational qualifications of its members as to the high ethical standards that are the acknowledged rule of conduct.

#### CONDITION OF THE CANADIAN PRESS.

In Canada, as in Great Britain and the United States, the newspapers have during recent years afforded evi-

dence of that remarkable expansion which provokes speculation upon the ultimate outcome. Consider, for a moment, what the power of the press means. In mechanical production alone a revolution has been effected. Immense printing presses turn out many thousands of papers each hour. Railway trains carry them long distances from the centres of publication in a few hours, so that a well-circulated journal's sphere of daily influence may be thousands of square miles in extent. All classes of society read newspapers, and many persons read nothing else. The telegraph and the cable bring the news of the civilized world each day to a well-conducted journal. According to the way the world's news is presented to the public, the stress that is laid upon this event or that, the manner in which one report is condensed and another elaborated, the editor is able to convey to his readers the impression desired. The eagerness to know the latest news imparts to newspaper-reading a zest which the less frequent magazine or periodical cannot excite. The *Edinburgh Review*, in commemorating its centenary a few weeks ago, referred almost plaintively to the way in which quarterly or monthly reviews, even as organs of literary criticism, were being superseded by the press. "Journalism," said the editor,\* "has become the profession of a very large number of highly cultivated men and women, who justly pride themselves on their marvellous literary facility, and their readiness to turn to account the results of their own extensive reading. Reviewing has, in recent years, become one of the regular functions of the daily press, and it is even the fashion for newspapers to publish reviews of books likely to interest the public on the very day that they appear." Into what domain of thought or activity has the daily press not intruded itself? In politics, in religious work, in scientific research, in moral movements, in international affairs the potential influence of the newspaper presents unfore-

\**Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1902.

seen possibilities. In short, an entirely new condition has come into existence, a powerful engine for the propagation of evil as well as good has silently and suddenly interwoven itself in the framework and machinery of modern society. "Such a power as journalism," writes one who knows the conditions well, "wielded anonymously, and therefore without personal responsibility, may seem dangerous, and, in fact, is not free from danger to the state."\* Ever since the rise of the press its influence has been marked in times of commotion. There were forty newspapers in America before the revolutionary war broke out, and they formed an effective organ of popular disaffection in the revolting colonies. During the civil war the slave press of the South misled the people into continuing the fight by publishing false news. Coming to our own day, the circulation of misleading information by the press of Continental Europe during the South African war, inflamed opinion against England, a striking illustration of the malign influence of newspapers upon the peace of nations.

While resembling in their main outline, the press of Great Britain, the United States and Australia, the newspapers of Canada have characteristics of their own and are affected by special conditions that account for some of their defects. The mechanical production is expensive, owing to various causes, and this entails a modified prosperity which limits the employment of the most highly educated persons for work requiring special qualifications. The press is closely identified with party, a condition apt to hamper independence. Unlike Australia, our population is spread over a wide area instead of being gathered together chiefly in a few large cities. The effect of this upon the profits, and therefore upon the spending capacity of even the best newspapers, is evident. The collection of news in Canada is costly, and the competition involved

\* *The United Kingdom: a Political History.* By Goldwin Smith.

in the number of daily and weekly journals issued is excessive. If one compares the Canadian newspapers of to-day with those of fifty years ago, however, it will be seen that our progress in journalism is not unworthy of comparison with the strides made in wealthier countries.

The personnel of the press also, both at home and abroad, has undergone corresponding changes. The day of the needy hacks who became journalists for the reason given by Disraeli to account for the existence of critics—as persons who had failed in literature and art—has passed away. It would to-day be considered unjust and ill-mannered to denounce a trenchant political writer, as Daniel DeFoe was denounced, for being “the vilest of all the writers who have prostituted their pens either to encourage faction, oblige a party, or serve their own mercenary ends.” We have learned that sincerity is behind much of the zeal. The modern journalist, if not a professional man, has, at least, a distinct and creditable place in society. He is no longer regarded as the abject slave of factions or corporations over which he can exercise no control, being merely retained for his literary skill. Happily there is such a thing as personality in the press. The individuality of the journalist is reflected in the success of many notable newspapers in Canada and elsewhere. The idea of his inferiority, both morally and socially, long lingered in certain minds. Thackeray, a type of the highest form of journalism, put into the mouth of one of his characters a cynical expression of this disparaging belief. “In my time, bedad,” he makes Major Pendennis say, “poetry and genius and that sort of thing was devilish disreputable. There was poor Byron, for instance, who ruined himself and contracted the worst habits by living with poets and newspaper writers and people of that kind.” The Duke of Wellington, as we know, declined a dedication for the reason that as Chancellor of Oxford he had been “much exposed to authors.” The literary caste, iden-

tical in some of its phases with journalism, has risen in the scale of general estimation. The modern journalist, to exert a potent authority, must be a man of conviction, integrity and clean life. He may, if he wishes, become in one sense the conscience of the community, always striving for the loftiest ideals, exposing trickery and wrongdoing, recording faithfully the principal events of the time, and making that record so vivid and interesting that men's minds are turned away from the trivial, the sensational or the scandalous. By his exercise of zeal and brilliancy along these lines the character of the press is defined and elevated. Not only by its opinions do we judge a newspaper, but by the methods it adopts in chronicling current affairs, by its attitude toward public men and public measures, by the knowledge, taste and insight displayed from day to day. It is fair to recognize in the Canadian press at the present time the note of decency in discussion and respect for authority, with a fair, if not a profound, knowledge of the problems of the period. These qualities it owes to the character of the men who are at its head. Its defects are due to circumstances. Its aims are as noble as those of any other newspaper press, however short it may fall, by reason of restricted resources and the crude conditions of a young country, from the ideal.

#### COMMERCIAL ASPECT OF JOURNALISM.

It must ever be borne in mind that the press has a two-fold character. The newspaper is a commercial undertaking as well as a means of disseminating information and moulding opinion. If its editor is also its publisher, or whether he is or not, the necessity of earning interest upon the capital invested is a factor that cannot be neglected. The purely selfish designs of the publisher may modify the policy, restrain the independence, and cripple the usefulness of a newspaper as a moral force. Mr. Augustine Birrell, in his latest book,\* declares that “be-

\*Life of William Hazlitt.

tween the brains and the capital of a newspaper the relations are usually strained," and the epigram of Thomas Campbell, "Now Barabbas was a publisher," is often quoted with intent to prove that the sordid side of things holds sway in journalism. Mr. Goldwin Smith, a journalist of distinction, has pointed out how momentous a question is involved in the integrity of the press and what sinister influences may be behind it.\* The strongest of these influences in Canada are due to intense party spirit. They do not operate in secret. They are due to sincere if sometimes mistaken enthusiasm for one party or the other, and allowance for the bias displayed is easily made by the reader. There is no deception where the end in view is so frankly avowed. Still another safeguard is the experience of publishers that a well-conducted newspaper, with an intelligible policy on public affairs, and an efficient news service, invariably yields the largest financial results. Fortunately the public advantage and the publisher's advantage are, to a considerable degree, equally served by enlightened methods and integrity of control. But the commercial side of journalism is undeniable. It is the price paid for a free press—freedom, that is, from state control, and from the dictation of class privilege. In this way the capacity and courage of the individual editor may gain an opportunity to mould the public journals of the time. His force of character, keen intelligence, and grasp of public interests may impress themselves upon the organs of opinion. The growth of huge trusts in commerce has suggested the idea of a newspaper trust which might be organized by persons with large selfish ends to serve in gaining the ear of the public. Newspapers thus manipulated could, it is thought, provide the necessary impetus of an apparent popular opinion in favour of class legislation. The danger is not imaginary. An alert public intelligence is the chief safeguard. In self-governing communities suspicion

of the real motives which dictate the policy of newspapers will always be uppermost. To conceal the actual owners of public journals has seldom been attempted with success. The writer may remain anonymous, but the publisher cannot long lurk in the background, since his aims are soon revealed by the policy his newspaper pursues, and his object, whether entirely selfish or in the public interest, must in due course stamp itself upon the journal he controls.

#### INDIRECT INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSITIES.

It would be idle to assert in the face of British experience, and in a modified sense our own short experience, that universities have had absolutely no influence upon the press. Newspapers reflect, as I have tried to point out, the average culture and intelligence of a community. The existence of great universities in any country cannot be without deep and permanent effect upon the standard of education and the public ideals. The history of England exhibits indelible traces of the influence of Oxford and Cambridge not only in the fruits of scholarship and the results of research, but in the domain of political thought. In a new country we cannot expect to see the universities exert so marked an impression upon the controlling impulses of national life, but they are the crown of the educational system, and as time goes on their effects are shown in the gradual extension of refinement, purer tastes, and respect for sounder principles in public and private life. No institution will respond in time more surely to such influences than the press, although the effect is minimized by those potent forces which are at the root of its origin and existence—namely, freedom from professional restraints, identity with the predilections of the crowd rather than the culture of the intellectual few, and the material aims of a commercial enterprise. But the press inevitably reflects the diffusion of riper knowledge, and the adoption of more logical modes of thought. It has been so in Great Britain, and

\* Toronto Weekly Sun, Dec. 28, 1898.

we may feel confident that it will be so here. The crowning virtue of the British press is that it has grown purer as it has grown freer, and that it has steadily improved in tone as it has become cheaper. In these respects we in Canada may well adopt it as a model, while we may employ such innovations as please current tastes in the outward appearance of our journals and the manner of presenting the news. The reputation and authority of the British press are the characteristics which it should be the Canadian aim to emulate, and if we can accomplish this by invoking the aid of the universities we shall do the state some service. Probably the most enduring influence of the Canadian universities upon the press will be exerted in the advancement of general education and in the moulding of popular ideals. The tendency to degrade the newspapers into money-making machines will be checked, and any plan to convert them into the mere engines of corporate greed set at naught.

#### NATURE OF JOURNALISTIC TRAINING.

In the foregoing examination of the origin, functions and status of the newspaper press I have endeavoured to establish two main contentions; first, that journalism is not a profession in the sense that we may ever look to see a fixed educational test imposed by law upon its members; secondly, that the influence of universities upon the press has been hitherto based chiefly upon their success in raising the common standard of culture and intelligence. It is now in order to consider the direct application of university instruction as a supplementary force in training a journalist for his work. It is well to approach the subject in the frankest spirit so that we may discover the precise limitations occasioned by the very nature of the press.

Newspaper life demands certain attributes of mind and temperament which develop, one might almost say originate, in the constant discharge of duty. The discipline is essentially a

practical one. The graduate of a university, as such, could claim at present no special advantages in journalism. There is a well-defined difference between academic instruction and popular education. To accept the phrase of Mr. John Morley, the aim of one is the increase of knowledge, the aim of the other a diffusion of knowledge. The newspaper press can never become the fountain of academic learning. It is the vehicle for distributing information to the mass of the people. The form of education calculated to equip a man for this kind of labour is the one which enables him to discern with acuteness the popular taste and to impart his information in a manner as once effective and interesting. The superior learning of university graduates has a large value, because in journalism more than in any other calling knowledge is power. But the lack of technical training is a fatal handicap in the effort to reach the foremost ranks of the journalistic body. This training requires time. The earlier it is begun the better. The scale of pecuniary reward for a Canadian newspaper writer is not tempting to a man conscious of talent and anxious to secure a substantial return. Obviously the expense of his education becomes a consideration. In Canada there are few prizes in journalism, so that the inducements to submit to an elaborate system of training are not strong. Commerce, the manufacturing industries, and financial undertakings absorb men who would otherwise have made their mark in the newspaper field. After completing a university course, the candidate for a career on the press must take his place among the learners, in order to master the methods of getting the news of the day, the art of imparting it in a form that will attract the reader, and the innumerable processes, partly mechanical, partly systematic, which go to make up the drudgery of newspaper life.

This achieved, he has still before him what you may term, if you please, the professional part of his work. To

attain a commanding position in journalism involves a close study of current events, the power of judging men, a comprehension of the trend and bearing of large popular movements, and the acquisition of an ever-increasing fund of general information. The journalist must possess a talent for rapid thinking and rapid expression of his thought. He should acquire an English style, as Doctor Johnson said, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious. His education is never finished. That man is not to be envied who carries into journalism scholarship without the knack of utilising it, diligence without the ability to apply it. Adaptability for the administrative work of journalism may soon display itself as part of a man's natural endowment; exercise of its literary faculties are dependent upon experience. The best "school of journalism," from this point of view, is a newspaper office. The university could not present editors and reporters ready made. Its facilities may enable this to be done in the cases of doctors, lawyers or engineers. But a university which sought to provide adequate equipment for students in journalism equal to that bestowed upon the student in medicine, law and applied science, would be forced to set up an elaborate establishment not contemplated by the most liberal definition of university functions. The contribution of the higher institutions of learning to the rearing of journalists must, therefore, be governed by fixed condition. Within these limits, as will be seen, much may be done.

#### UNIVERSITY COURSES AND THE PRESS.

It is not well to comfort ourselves with the idea that a Faculty of Journalism, a complete system of instruction for journalistic students, is a possibility if the necessary endowments were forthcoming. Such a hope, if it exists, is a delusion. It is comparatively simple for persons unfamiliar with the conditions to construct in theory an elaborate scheme which no university could afford to entertain,

and no practical newspaper writer would care to utilize. A more reasonable method of attacking this problem is to consider the average university curriculum as it stands and see where it may be made useful in journalism. To begin with, there are certain courses in the Faculty of Arts of every university which are almost indispensable for those who aspire to the highest work in journalism. The Canadian journalist, as a rule, acquires this knowledge by private study and self-training. The university men on the Canadian press are not numerous. But academic education never comes amiss in a literary career. The more knowledge of every sort a journalist possesses the better. In the plan of studies prescribed by the Institute of Journalists stress is laid upon proficiency in history, literature, geography, mathematics, political economy, and, above all, a facility in writing the English language. There is not a Canadian university with courses of lectures on these subjects which would not benefit a journalist. The practice of English composition, by a study of the best models and by actually writing essays, cannot be carried on with too much thoroughness. No complaint of the newspapers is more commonly heard than that the English used is slipshod and inelegant, whereby the meaning is obscured and literal accuracy of statement oftentimes missed. "The more I think," wrote Francis Jeffrey to Macaulay, on receiving the famous essay on Milton for the *Edinburgh*, "the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." It may be said that so stately and ornate a flow of diction as that which Lord Macaulay had at his command would never do in the columns of a newspaper. That is true. The charge made against Goldsmith that if he were to write a fable about little fishes he would make the little fishes talk like whales, would constitute a fatal objection to a newspaper writer similarly gifted. The probability is that the literary style of Canadian newspapers has suffered in dignity and force from

the laudable desire to make the writer's idea clear to the meanest understanding. In avoiding difficult words and involved sentences the danger of using colloquialism and even slang is often a pitfall for the newspaper writer. The university graduate who joins the press, having taken a solemn vow to avoid literary priggishness, may readily turn a scholarly training to great advantage no matter whether his task be the recording of the simplest items of news, or whether he is assigned to the duty of writing editorials or descriptive articles.

No one can question the value of a course in economics and history for application in newspaper work. At least half the problems of our time relate to commerce and finance. A grasp of economic laws is necessary to the comprehending and expounding of these questions. In Canada the tariff policy, the geographical position, and the commercial relations of the country all bear a direct relation to economics. So, too, in constitutional and political history, the basis of our constitutional system, the development of all our administrative powers bring us into the closest contact with the history and institutions of England. A deep insight into these is a necessity. The universities of Canada are gradually realizing that courses of lectures upon the history, constitutional growth, and economic position of this country are also needed, and when these are established, as they ought to be, no Canadian journalist who desires the best equipment for his chosen calling will be able to neglect a university education with impunity. The pettiness of aim and the attention to trivialities which some think are too characteristic of the Canadian press, would soon disappear when the larger view, promoted by deeper study and riper learning, began to prevail.

In great measure, as has been said, the technical training of journalists cannot be undertaken by the universities. In the United States, where the relations of the press to higher education have been carefully weighed, none

of the chief universities has attempted to establish a technical course for newspaper writers. Yale has no such course. Nor has Columbia, and while at Chicago University a special course in connection with the senior year in the college of law has been under consideration, the faculty has been unable to recommend any definite plan. Cornell has no course in journalism, and at Harvard all students who intend to embrace journalism are merely invited to select for themselves, in a course extending over two years, the lectures in composition, in history, in political economy, in literature and in modern languages. The programme of the British Institute of Journalists affords an explanation of the policy thus adopted by the universities. Setting aside the purely general courses demanded by the Institute, the only technical work found suitable for examination was, as we have seen, divided into two branches, a knowledge of the law of newspaper libel and copyright, and an acquaintance with the best known departments of public and legal business. In some measure, the tests imposed of facility in shorthand reporting, descriptive writing, and the condensing of reports may be classified as technical. The university is not called upon to enter upon any work of this kind, save what may incidentally fall within the scope of a study of the English language and the practice of composition. The journalist may thus add greatly to his equipment by a course at the university, but his special discipline must continue to be acquired in the practice of his profession.

#### EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TRAINING.

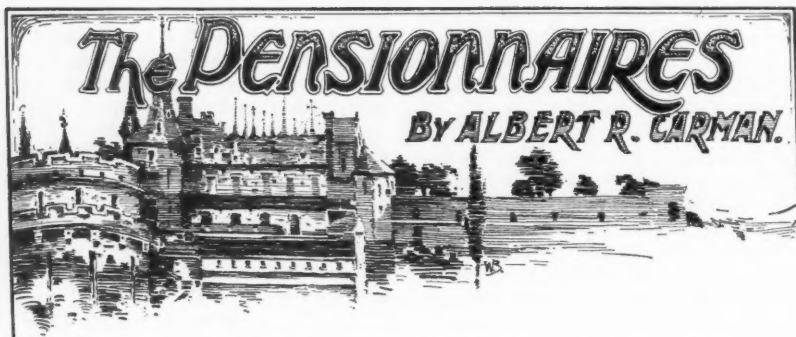
There is something in the argument that universities should adopt the policy of attracting to their classes young men who aspire to be journalists. The Harvard calendars direct the attention of students to the subjects and lectures which should be chosen by all who intend to enter journalism. It is desirable that the minds of newspaper writers should be fami-

liarized with the fact that universities offer something of practical utility in journalistic work. In Canada the number of candidates who would respond to the invitation might not at first be large. The number, however, would tend to increase. The courses of lectures on English, political economy and history, and the hours at which they are delivered, might be so re-arranged as to enable such candidates to embrace the opportunity of taking them without undue expenditure of time. A short course extending over one or two years, selected from the subjects already provided by the universities, might justify the granting of certificates of standing which would in time recommend the holders to the favourable notice of newspaper editors and managers. It cannot be asserted that to-day either an undergraduate or a graduate acquires, by reason of his college training, a prior claim upon newspaper employment. The establishment of a brief course of lectures dealing with the origin, the functions, and the history of the press might also be considered. These could either be delivered in connection with the present departments of English literature, or the services of special lecturers, who possess an intimate knowledge of the subject, might be invoked.

The offering of scholarships as an inducement to beginners in journalism to submit themselves to university training is a policy that has much to commend it. The salaries earned for literary and journalistic work in Canada are not high, nor is it probable that for some years to come are they likely to attract those whose education has been expensive. The re-arrangement of the curriculum in the direction already indicated, and the providing of scholarships, would bring journalism and the universities closer together with beneficial results. The City of London School now provides a travelling scholarship of four hundred pounds a year to be employed for the purpose of fostering "a spirit of investigation into all the phases of the pro-

fession of journalism." It was founded, by an anonymous donor, in memory of the late George Warrington Steevens, the brilliant war correspondent, who died of fever in Ladysmith during the siege of 1900. The career of this gifted young man, cut short so early, is an object-lesson in the usefulness of linking journalism with the universities. Steevens would have been forced into trade by reason of poverty had not his talents won for him two scholarships.

The day has gone by when a project to apply college education to the work done by the newspaper press can be dismissed with a sneer as pedantic or chimerical. It is surrounded with difficulties, as we have seen. These difficulties must not be ignored. They call for frank recognition of the impracticability of a professional journalism deriving its skill and knowledge, as the regular professions do, from instruction in the higher institutions of learning. But to divorce these institutions from the press is surely impolitic and injurious. To find some way of bridging the chasm which chance circumstance and inherent differences have set between them, to devise some plan for bringing the influence of one to bear upon the other, is clearly the highest wisdom. This, I take it, is the purpose which Sir Sandford Fleming has had in view when setting on foot, under the auspices of Queen's University, an inquiry into the whole question. The importance of the press in the diffusion of knowledge, as a court of honour and of criticism, as a Parliament of popular discussion, as an independent power often—too often—holding in its hand the peace of nations, warrants the fullest consideration of statesmen and philosophers. The educationist may be better able than they to reach a practical conclusion, and the suggestions set forth in this paper rest upon the belief that the universities, as the fountain-head of higher education, furnish the best means of guidance and inspiration.



RESUMÉ—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, Grosse Wendelstein. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is recreated by her experience with peculiar results.

#### CHAPTER IX.

NOW, however, that the rain had stopped, the whole party came clamouring to the lower door which the gentle German girl, who seemed to have charge of the schloss, had already opened.

"Hurry and find out if your daughter is all right," said Mrs. Drake to Mrs. Murney; "for we want to do the cathedral while you are in the schloss. I'm very much afraid you won't have time for the cathedral now," she added, conscious of her own virtue in having reaped the schloss while the sun shone.

Mrs. Murney hurried up the winding stair, calling "Jessica" at every turn, until breathless she burst into the great Hall. There stood Jessica, unfrightened, with Herr Werner, serious-faced, at her side.

"Why, mamma!" said Jessica, stepping forward solicitously. "Why did you hurry so?"

"Why," gasped Mrs. Murney, "I was so uneasy about you."

Jessica smiled in loving, mock-indulgence at her mother. "You shouldn't have been," she said. "It has been magnificent, garrisoning this old schloss against the storm."

Mrs. Murney looked up in surprise at the sentiment—it was hardly like Jessica; and it was not without apprehension that she saw the unusual light on her face. Then the lady from Maine walked through the door and glanced about with a friendly smile.

"Family re-union," she remarked. "Hope I don't intrude. Weren't you very frightened, Miss Murney, in this big, big schloss all alone?"

"No," said Jessica politely. "Then I was not alone."

"Oh, of course, Herr Werner was here," and one could tell from her face that she thought there was something queer about that. "Once when I was at Monaco," she began, "a rain came up and our party got separated—" But the Scotchman just then helped his wife through the door with—"A step there, my dear! Ah! the lost lamb is found." And then in a stage whisper, "Mr. Hughes will be at peace now, and can go and dry himself." Jessica looked up at this in quick remembrance; but was it alarm or sympathy on her face?

Then came the English lady, and behind her a well-wetted but wholly unperturbed Hughes. His hat was a soggy mass with an uneven brim, his clothes clung damply about him; but

he bore himself as if neither of these circumstances were known to him. His first glance was for Jessica, and his second for the Scotchman. Plainly he suspected the merry twinkle of the Scot's blue eye. Then he patiently waited his chance to speak to Jessica in a perfect panoply of good breeding.

"My wife wishes to know if Miss Murney is all right," asked an uninterested voice from the doorway. Then, without waiting for an answer, it went on—"Ah! yes, thank you, I see she is;" and Mr Drake turned carefully about, and heavily descended the stairway.

"You must act as guide now, and do what I did for you at the porcelain works," said the lady from Maine to Jessica.

"There is a guide," observed Herr Werner, indicating the German girl.

"Does she speak English?"

"No. German."

"Well, I can't understand German," concluded the lady from Maine emphatically.

"She will not anyway understand if you tell her what you yourself see," Herr Werner growled in low tones to Jessica, approaching in his disgust the German construction.

But Jessica was not so pessimistic, and began to tell them something of the history of the dark-vaulted Hall in which they were. They stood at polite attention, and looked with smiling interest where she told them to look. "What did you say his name was?" the lady from Maine would ask occasionally; and, at the end of each incident, the Scotchman's wife would add "Very sweet, I'm sure," or "How very brave," or something of that sort; while the English lady always came in with "How *very* interesting!" in a listless voice.

But Jessica kept on. She would have liked telling over these old-time, new-found tales, even if there had been no one to listen save the portraits of the men of whose deeds they were the record. And three pairs of eyes, at least, watched her with unflagging interest. To her mother, this Jessica

was by no means a stranger, but she ought to have been singing, not talking. To Herr Werner she was the serene genius of the past, come to live in a modern maiden, who was the very flower of the latest people of the new time. To Hughes, she was the Jessica he knew, but somehow lifted out of his reach by her own abstraction. It was as if she were high on the wings of one of her foreign, incomprehensible songs—songs whose chief merit it was to be "difficult." He must wait until the music had ceased and the flush of excitement had passed, and they were keeping step together again on the home-bound pavement. He did not quite fancy her, he told himself, in this new role. She was a picture as she stood, sometimes in a grim, gray archway, sometimes framed by a soaring window; and she had about her a new grace of unconsciousness. But she really knew so little of this musty past of which she talked so seriously, that she turned continually to that "moony Werner" for prompting. He liked her better when she was laughing with him at this whole Werneresque nation.

How long the politeness of the rest of the party would have endured the recital of events connected with names not mentioned by Baedeker, was not put to the final test—though there were signs of budding impatience; for when they were in one of the upper rooms, seeing where somebody of no importance had done something of a disorderly and unlawful nature, Mrs. Drake came to their rescue with the announcement that her party had finished the church, and that it was time to go.

"But," broke in the lady from Maine, "I haven't had a chance yet to tell you how Bottger discovered how to make porcelain in that room across there, and how the king came to see him in his laboratory, and—"

"There!" said Mrs. Drake, following the Maine lady's indicative finger with her eye. "We were in there this morning, and I presume the girl told us all about it, though I don't understand a word of German."

"Well, our guide hasn't taken us there yet," sniffed the lady from Maine, glancing at Jessica lest any one should mistake whom she meant. She was as romantic as anybody, and just loved knights and midnight raids, and—but porcelain was serious business, and should have been attended to first.

"I did not know of it," said Jessica, a little blankly—she had thought she knew so much about this schloss.

"It matters nothing," declared Herr Werner harshly, and with an angry frown on his brow. "It is not as a factory that this schloss is famous."

"A factory!" exclaimed the lady from Maine. "This was a great scientific discovery."

"It was the recovery of a trade secret, that was all," said Herr Werner. "Science was merely picking up a workman's tool for him again."

"And science could not be better employed," put in Mr. Hughes.

"Well, well!" exploded Mrs. Drake, impatiently. "Here's the room! Look at it and come, or we shall miss our train. We want to get back in time to do the Brühl Terrace to-night."

So they filed into the room and filed out again, the lady from Maine murmuring loose scraps of information relative to Böttger and his discovery, as they went; and then made their way to the great Hall and the stair tower. Hughes got with Jessica, but he seemed out of mental range of her.

"Queer old place!" he said.

She looked at him as if she did not see him and answered—

"I think it is bewitched."

"It, or you?" he asked, laughing.

Now her eyes appeared to see him.

"Both," she said, seriously.

He sobered, too, and glanced uneasily at her.

They were the last to enter the tower. Before stepping through the heavy door-way, she stood quite a time looking back at the Hall, with its wide-spaced emptiness.

"Farewell," she said at last, slowly—"or perhaps it is 'auf wiedersehen.'"

Mr. Hughes looked at the door-way arch critically. He thought it best to keep his eyes busy lest they should be garrulous.

■

## CHAPTER X.

The next morning Herr Vogt was a happy man. The wonderful Miss Murney sung as she had never sung before, and she, herself, was a part of the song. Would she come some night to his house, and sing to his friends? He had told them so much of her never-had-they-heard-the-like-of voice, and now he was ready to have them hear it for themselves.

Jessica gave a gasp of pleased surprise—and yet, was she surprised? Did not all things seem possible since—since yesterday? But this was the great Herr Vogt who was asking her from among all his pupils to come to his very house and appear before his friends as a choice product of his teaching. Mrs. Murney beamed upon him, and was the first to say that Jessica would be very pleased to come. Jessica had let that be taken for granted.

"Ah!" he said, "we will one great night haf. I will ask—and—and——" and he named many of the first in musical Dresden. "And they will come if they possibly are able, for they are eager—they on the tip-top-toe stand to hear you."

And when the night came, Jessica went and sang in his large drawing-room, while round spectacles shone at her in groups, and round Germans filled the air with happy ejaculations when she had finished. Herr Vogt coaxed her to sing oftener than they had planned; and then he would sit and play and sing himself, and the high pleasure he had in her success bubbled over on the swelling tide of his own music. Then they all talked of what she would do. She could go back to New York and her country people astound—she would a great opera star be, and rivers of gold would themselves at her feet pour out. One man—an authority—with bated breath

and many a qualifying phrase, went farther. She might, he thought, possibly stay in Dresden and be taken on the Royal Opera, and by hard work and patient training get eventually to sing one of the leading parts. But, at this, even Herr Vogt shook his head. It was not well too high a mark for the young ambition to set.

But for all his joy Herr Vogt was desolated at one thought. In eight days he would go away to Lucerne for his yearly holiday, and the Murneys were not sure that they could await his tardy return to Dresden. They had thought to get away sooner even than this. Why had not Miss Murney discovered herself before?—he groaned to himself. He began talking of giving up his holiday, although he would have no other pupil in Dresden, having dismissed them all that he might be free to go.

"Why could Miss Murney to Lucerne not go, isn't it?" asked a friend. "It is a beautiful place."

The very thing! Herr Vogt eagerly pressed it. He knew a good "pension" where they would be so comfortable and see so-not-to-be-equalled a view, and the Murneys were quite talked into it, though they only promised to "see."

On the way home Mrs. Murney decided what part of New York they would live in when Jessica was singing in grand opera there. Jessica said little, but she knew that the stars were bright, and that away on the lonely height at Meissen, the grim Saxon kings looked out from their heavy frames and saw these same stars—like diamonds on a bed of dark velvet—shining through the great windows.

What Jessica thought of herself during this time would be hard to put down, though she thought of little else. To begin with, she seemed to be doing this thinking with some one else's mind. Its point of view was novel to her. The world was no longer chiefly a joke, with relieving intervals here and there to rest your face muscles; it was not even a great playground with a few necessary attend-

ants about to keep the turf smooth and serve refreshments. Life, on the contrary, seemed to be part of a purpose. She could not see the purpose clearly, for the bulk of it disappeared beyond the limits of her horizon everywhere—and there were blood-stains on it. Look where she would, and that life that had been a joke could not be found. Built into the "purpose" were many, many lives, but they were serious, straining, sometimes sad.

That was one new window in her new mind. Another was turned toward the beautiful, and on its broad sill she lost count of time. She discovered, for instance, the decorative quality in early Italian paintings. Hitherto they were stiff, unnatural, badly drawn, and consequently failures to her; to-day their massed colouring and careful grouping made them panels of beauty. Then her songs—it was no longer a wonder to her that people went mad when she sang; she went mad herself. And those who did not were like the old Jessica.

The old Jessica! Upon her this new mind dwelt longest. She was a good girl, a happy girl—but she was blind. Still, what had happened to her that day at Meissen? What was the meaning of this change that had come on occasions before but had now come to stay? What had slain the old personality? And there was no extracting the disquietude from that thought. What was insanity but believing yourself something that you were not? But, at this point, Jessica, woman-like, paused. Eve would never have ridden out of Eden on logic. When thinking becomes unprofitable, woman falls to embroidering her fig-leaf.

During these days of exaltation Mr. Hughes drew himself more and more within his racial shell. He passed from simple surprise to smiling wonder and at last threatened to harden into stiff disapproval. It was "amazing the way Jessica made up to that boorish German fellow," he thought within himself. And Jessica had been such a sensible, jolly girl. But Jessica did not permit him to withdraw in sil-

ence. She talked to him at table with more apparent determination that there should be conversation than she had ever shown before. But he grew less and less responsive, for the talk had a nasty trick of slipping out of his fingers into those of Herr Werner who was always ready with some moony sentiment or imaginary experience, remotely suggested by the topic, with which to attract Jessica's attention. He had great faith, however, in the sobering effect of the tennis court, and asked her several times to come and play. But the first day she had something to read which explained the legendary origin of a song she was to sing the next morning to Herr Vogt, and could not go; and another time Herr Werner was to take her mother and herself to see something historic and ruinous in the Saxon Switzerland. This stopped the invitations for a while, but a few days after Herr Vogt left for Lucerne, he tried again—a last cast—and she cheerfully accepted.

But it was not the old Jessica who swung her tennis racket by his side as they paced up the paths of the Bürgerwiese or afterward strolled in the Groszer Garten. Her step had the same light spring, she carried herself with the familiar buoyancy and easy vitality, but she was serious now where once she had been playful. She would barely smile at his dry joking, but was always challenging him to see "the march of a conquering army" in the up-and-down walk of a German officer, or "the straining of a peasant people after the warm beauty of colour" in the outlandish costume of a perspiring nursemaid, or some other fanciful thing which was not there to be seen.

That night at dinner, Herr Werner said—

"The wings of your mind are tired to-night. What have you been doing?"

"Playing tennis."

"Ach! What an animal waste of the force of life!"

"I am afraid it is," and Jessica sighed—though not so much colour had massed on her full cheek for many an evening.

Mr. Hughes looked as if hearing were a sense that had been denied him; but the next morning he left for a walking tour through the Saxon Switzerland.

Two days later the Murneys went to Lucerne, the lady from Maine having given them one hotel and two "pensions" to choose from in case they did not like Herr Vogt's selection. Herr Werner left, too, to visit his people on the borders of Poland.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The journey from Dresden to Lucerne, taken at one leap, is long and wearisome, and they were two tired ladies who trailed, heavy-footed, over to a hotel near the station to spend the night, postponing the search for a "pension" until the morning. In the morning it was foggy and raining; the heavy cabs splashed and scraped along slimy streets; the waters of the lake lay silver-gray and dead under the gliding mists; not a mountain—not even the neighbouring Gütsch—was to be seen. But, in the eyes of the Murneys, hotel bills were still things to avoid in spite of their golden dreams for the future; so they dressed for the weather, and set out. But it was a dismal business. This "pension" was full; that—Herr Vogt's recommendation—was too expensive; another—with a rude stare—did not take ladies; still another, far, far down a splashy road, had only a dark room on a cellar-like court, and there was an odour of stale cabbage in the front hall.

How different it all was from the spick and span, cheerful, homelike Pension Lüttichau!

Finally they were semi-satisfied, however, on a side street not far from Thorwaldsen's "Lion," where they were "convenient to all the sights," the landlady told them in automaton English. This gave them a momentary fillip of encouragement, but the rain still streaked steadily down and Jessica had to walk back through it to get their trunks. This was even harder than she had anticipated, for she called

a "cabby" who knew no English and could not understand her German.

"Now, if Herr Werner were only here," she said to herself ruefully; and then nearly forgot her troubles in surprise at the protest that came from within her against the presence of the romantic German. It was not "the vision and the dream" she wanted with this rain pattering against the carriage and on the emotionless face of that stolid, stupid Swiss "cabby," but a practical man who would face difficulties with so perfect a courage that he would not even admit their existence—whose sure confidence in himself would soon infect her with the comfortable feeling that these were a poor and pitiful people, in their wilful ignorance of English, and their perverse knowledge of something far less worthy. That was what she wanted—a human tonic and not a frothy intoxicant, and she astonished the waiting cabman by laughing blithely to herself as she added mentally—

"And to be genuine, it should have the name 'Hughes' blown in the bottle."

After that the rain somehow did not seem so sad a gray, and when she finally got home it was to cheer her mother with an unquenched good humour, lit by many a prankish notion, so like the Jessica she knew best.

But the next morning, still cloud-hung and dull, when they had taken the boat to a point down the lake where Herr Vogt's cottage stood, it was a gradually saddening singing teacher who found himself compelled to see that this girl, standing so woodenly and emitting that wonderful voice, was the Jessica Murney he had known and despaired of before that never-to-be-forgotten glorious morning, when she had first seemed to be the mistress of her own voice, and to sing with all her soul her own songs. "Tin and paint once more," he said to himself. "Tin and paint."

And then he sought to rouse her. He talked seriously to her. He told her that as she was those last days in Dresden, she had the world at her

feet; but that as she was to-day she was only "a curiosity, a freak;" and he told her many other things even less pleasant to hear.

As from her mountain-top, Jessica had judged and condemned her careless, contented self in the valley; so now in her valley, she scorned the visionary Jessica of the mountain-top. She assured Herr Vogt, with not too much patience in her voice, that when she got before an audience she would get facial expression all right—she always had. He needn't worry about that. But one couldn't ride the moon all the time.

"Facial expression! Ach, Mein Gott! It is soul expression that I want," he cried; and when they had gone away, Jessica with a facial expression suggestive of storm, he mourned audibly for hours over the mysterious retrograde change in his marvellous pupil. Jessica went to him every other morning as agreed, but with the old unsympathetic demeanour toward her own music; and Herr Vogt was just on the point of telling her to go back to Dresden—or anywhere else she pleased—when he had a call one afternoon from a strange young man, erect, luminous-headed and outspoken.

The stranger said that his name was Werner, that he was a friend of the Murneys, and that he would like to be told where they were staying in Lucerne.

Herr Vogt said that he could give him their present address, but added impulsively that they would not be likely to stay there long.

"Zo?" said Herr Werner, inquiringly,

"Yah," replied Herr Vogt; and thinking that this young man might perform the unpleasant task of breaking the news to them, told him the whole story of Jessica's backsliding.

"Zo!" said Herr Werner, comprehendingly; and asked when Jessica's next lesson came.

"Day after to-morrow."

"Do not decide until then," said Herr Werner, and he strode back to

the boat. Herr Vogt hurried to his door to look after him—an extraordinary young man. Still he was a German!

Herr Werner was welcomed by the Murneys the next morning. It proved to be the first morning since their arrival of the complete victory of the sun. The over-mastered clouds still lay in fruitless hiding in the farthermost mountain recesses. Herr Werner took the ladies almost in silence first to the little garden before the crouching Lion of Lucerne. They protested that they had been there, but he said that he had something in particular that he wished them to see. There, as they sat on the bench, he told them the story of the Swiss Guard, who, having made merchandise of their very lives, delivered the goods without flinching.

"Brave!" said Jessica. "Brave, but stupid."

"Stupid? Measured by the draper's clerk—perhaps. But come, I want to take you up the hill a piece;" and, walking together past the church with its little "campo santo" about it, they followed a climbing road that led behind a fringe of houses on the edge of the slope. As they went they disputed over the quality of the devotion of the Swiss Guard, Jessica insisting that it was a stupid fulfilment of a stupid bargain, while Herr Werner saw in it the nobility of a supreme honesty. Like many in their day, they had hired out as soldiers; and, having taken their wages, they did their work.

The road, as it climbed, now had a great field of wild flowers on one side, at which Jessica exclaimed again and again; but on the other side houses and gardens cut off the view to the lake and the mountains. Presently, however, Herr Werner stopped and said:

"This is my 'pension.' Won't you come in for a moment and see the view from the gallery? It is superb. We will go through the garden, and you need not go into the house at all."

So they went with him along the

gravel walk, and up on the side verandah, and around the corner of the house to the front. Mrs. Murney gave a gasp of astonishment and sank into a chair. Jessica stepped forward and leaned on the verandah rail. Before them lay a panorama of north Switzerland. The hill fell away at their feet—a slope of massed tree-tops through which showed the roofs of scattered houses—to the edge of the lake, which, sparkling with a light ripple, spread away far beneath them to the bases of the great mountains opposite. On the left rose bleak Rigi, on the right green Pilatus; and, between, a measureless vista of tumbled immensity, crowned in the distance by the eternal snows.

After a time, Jessica straightened back and looked at Herr Werner, the light of her higher self shining from her face. "I have been thinking," she said, "of those Swiss peasants who left this to die in the Tuileries. They were the victims of a wretched system; but they bore themselves—as these mountains had taught them."

"Zo!" said Herr Werner; and his eyes were the first to tell Jessica that she lived again in the land of "the vision and the dream."

Before the end of the week three things had happened. Herr Vogt had got his wonderful pupil back again; the Murneys had moved up to Herr Werner's "pension" on the hill-top; and Mr. Hughes had returned to Pension Lüttichau, and had a short conversation with the lady from Maine.

"I think someone ought to interfere," she said. "That girl is hypnotized as sure as beans."

"Do you really think so?"

"Why, of course, I do. She stopped being like herself and became a sort of gushing imitation of Herr Werner."

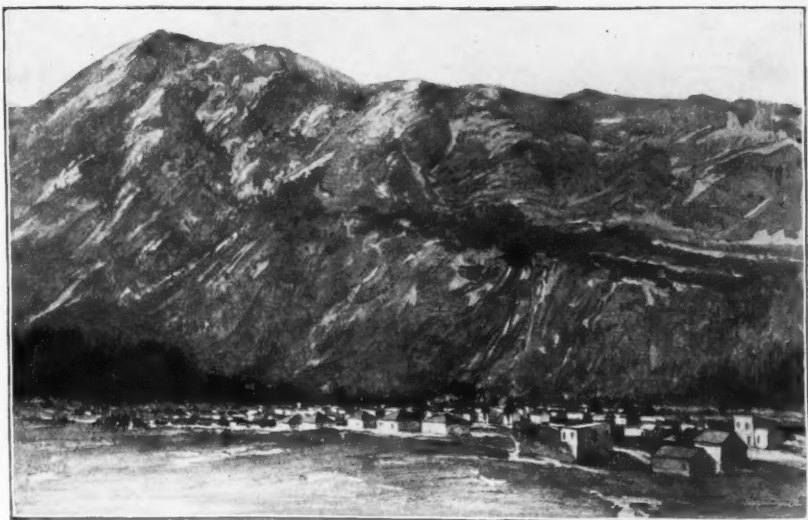
"But Werner is not with them now?"

"Don't you believe it."

"Why! Is he?"

"How do I know? But if I were a man I'd go and see."

TO BE CONTINUED



THE UNFORTUNATE TOWN OF FRANK AT THE BASE OF TURTLE MOUNTAIN—DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BEFORE THE DISASTER

## A DISASTER IN THE ROCKIES

By D. A. Stewart

"The night has been unruly . . . . and as they say  
Lamentings heard i' the air: strange screams  
of death  
With dire combustion and confused events.  
. . . . . some say the earth  
Was feverous and did shake."

—*Play of Macbeth.*



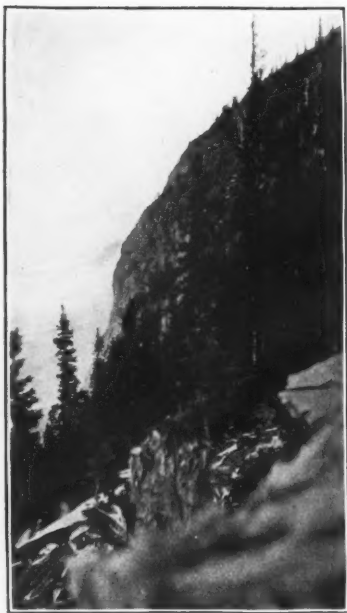
It is quite natural that the first reports of the gigantic rock-slide which almost decimated the town of Frank a month ago should all have pronounced it the work of an earthquake. It was so huge, and the havoc it wrought so awful: it was so sudden and so unexplainable otherwise that the people could only say: "the earth was feverous and did shake." The earthquake theory was, however, soon abandoned, and the rupture and

fall of the mountain will be remembered simply as one of the largest and most destructive rock-slides of which we have record.

From the confused recollections of the few who were awake early on the morning of April 29th, it would seem that two or three loud rumbling preliminary reports were heard. Then a great part of the summit of Turtle



A RANCH IN THE VALLEY NEAR FRANK



A PEAK OF TURTLE MOUNTAIN—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN HALF WAY UP. THIS EXPLAINS GRAPHICALLY HOW SUCH A PEAK MIGHT FALL INTO THE VALLEY BENEATH.

mountain crashed down into the valley and spread along it for two miles. The slide in the first part of its course was fortunately narrow, so nipped off a comparatively small part of the town. Beyond the town it spread to fill the whole valley bottom. Had it spread to its full width at first, possibly not one of the thousand inhabitants of Frank would have escaped. Sixty-five men, women and children were killed and several severely injured, but one knowing the situation cannot help thinking how easily the loss of life might have been ten times as great.

One who has not seen it, who has not clambered over it and worn out shoe leather upon it, can scarcely form an idea of the immense mass of rock which fell. The gap left in the mountain can be distinguished at a distance of forty miles. The valley for two miles is filled from lip to lip to a depth of from twenty to one hundred feet.

One huge block of limestone, as large as a house, was hurled a mile across the valley, and now rests five hundred feet up the opposite side. A conservative estimate places the quantity of rock at over half a billion cubic yards—enough to cover nearly a thousand acres of land to a depth of forty feet. This amount of rock would build an international wall—the tariff wall our politicians speak so much of—two feet wide and twenty feet high, from the Bay of Fundy to Puget Sound. Loaded on flat cars it would span Canada *twice* from Halifax to Vancouver. To some one else I leave the task of computing how long Niagara would take to do the amount of work done in a few seconds by this mass of rock falling an average distance of three thousand feet.

Turtle mountain and its companion, Goat, form a great, grim, inaccessible wall between foothills and mountains. The gap between them, through which the river barely squeezes and across which a stone can be thrown from mountain to mountain, is the narrowest part of the whole pass, the gateway to the mountains. Beside the gap and under the shadow of Turtle mountain—a shadow in the most literal sense of the term through the whole long winter afternoons—lies Frank. Outward, among green hills and park-like woods, winds the valley of the middle Fork, the most beautiful of the foothill valleys. In it, mountain, prairie and foothills meet, and the sweetest wild flowers of all these regions grow side by side in its shady nooks. The busy river and its countless tributary streamlets blend their ripple and gurgle and splash and roar into most perfect water-harmony.

A view from the summit of Turtle mountain, which has been wittily named after Mr. Gebo, the founder and mayor of the town, "Gebo's lonely mountain," is indeed a sort of Pisgah-outlook. Across the foothills stretches the promised land of modern times, league after league of fertile prairie farther and farther out, until weary eyes lose it in a hazy horizon.

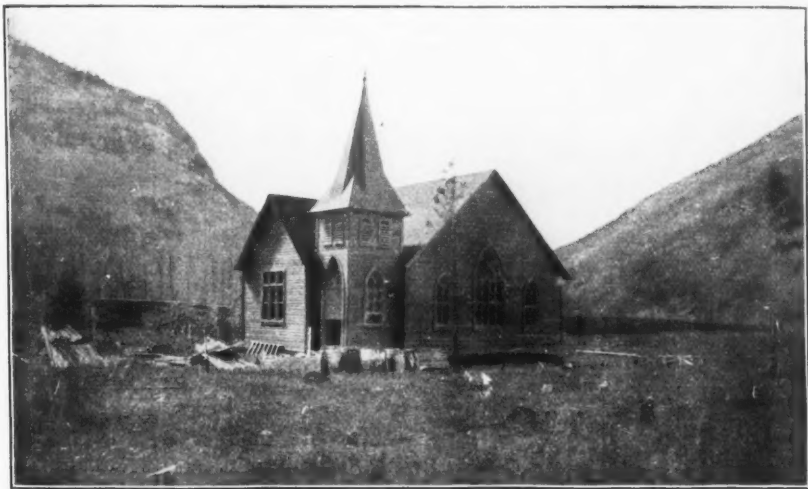
Behind are the mountains, the great, gray Rockies, heaped up like gigantic waves, white-crested and awful, with deep green valleys between, a veritable sea of crags and peaks. Away to the north-west is the Crow's Nest mountain, yet unclimbed, a great dome haystack, some irreverent ones call it, of limestone, standing out alone among mediocre hills.

Two-thirds of a mile beneath—almost perpendicularly beneath—as you stand on the peak, lies the town. It looks like a toy village, or rather the square cottages in their regular rows are like so many chequer men on a board placed for a game. You feel sure you could throw a pebble down into the very middle of it. Looking down now from the still hanging peak at the white rock piled in the valley, the wonder is not at the enormous destruction done, but at the ten times greater destruction escaped.

The mountain, in general outline, might be compared to that elaboration of cloth and padding known to house-keepers as a tea-cosy. As seen from the broadside, the long curved crest was thought to resemble the back of a

turtle, hence the name. Looked at from what might be called an end, the mountain is narrow, both sides being steep, with this difference, that the western one can be climbed, while the eastern cannot. The crest, or "hog's back," is in places too narrow to afford standing room, and the flattened tops of the peaks are—or rather were—very small. The eastern side, down which the slide came, no creature without wings could scale. It rises abruptly at an angle of from forty-five to fifty degrees. When half its height has been gained it shoots up abruptly, a perpendicular wall, to its total height of nearly eight thousand feet, or of three and a half thousand above the valley. Several hundred yards of the highest part of the crest, over a thousand feet in depth, probably still more in width, and including two of the three peaks, formed the gigantic slide.

The causes of this sudden rupture may never be surely known. It was not an earthquake. Some people of Frank still believe, however, that it was not an ordinary slide, putting forth the theory that an immense accumulation of gas in a pocket near the



FRANK'S ONLY CHURCH—TURTLE MOUNTAIN TO THE LEFT AND GOAT MOUNTAIN TO THE RIGHT—THE GAP IN THE BACKGROUND



FRANK—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GAP, AFTER THE MOUNTAIN HAD BURIED THE VALLEY—THE GROUND PICTURED HERE IS ABOUT ONE AND A HALF MILES IN EXTENT

summit must have burst forth, or exploded, and hurled the mountain down. It is a noteworthy fact that although every limestone mountain-side has its heaps of powdered and broken rock, the result of gradual disintegration by the elements, at no place in the region about Frank is there evidence of a slide of any great proportions at a period recent or remote. There can, however, be no doubt that the ordinary action of the elements had much, if not everything, to do with preparing for the recent slide. During wet seasons streams of water, whose inlet must have been very far up, were found in many places gushing from the base of the mountain. If the cause lies along this line the direct occasion of the great rupture in the mountain may be found to have been a recent unusually heavy fall of snow.

If Indian legend is to be trusted, the very spot in which so many lives were crushed out a month ago was the scene of an earlier tragedy of quite different sort. It is told that a band of Crow Indians being at feud with hereditary enemies, possibly the Bloods, having suffered serious reverses, became desperate, and retreated toward the mountains. Only desperation, it may be said, could induce plains Indians to

enter the haunts of the gloomy mountain spirits. The band retreated up Old Man river and made for the gap—more narrow than the pass of Thermopylæ. A detachment of Bloods, however, outmarched them and secured the pass, while the rest of the force cut off retreat. The perpendicular walls of the two huge mountains completed a trap in which the Crows were caught, and in this trap from starvation and at the hands of their enemies they died. By some turn of Indian phraseology this part of the valley became known as the "nest" of the Crow Indians, and early settlers called the larger of the mountains at the gap the Crow's Nest mountain. In railway times, however, the name was transferred to a more distinguished looking peak a few miles farther in, and the big mountain at the gap was renamed from its resemblance to the back of a turtle.

It was as a health resort that the pass first became known to white settlers. From the base of Turtle mountain issues a sulphur spring reputed to be of great medicinal value. The old Springs Hotel sheltered at one time or another many a cowboy who came to have his "tech uv rheumatiz" dissipated in the healing waters. Inci-



FRANK—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ROCK-COVERED VALLEY. IN THE LOWER LEFT CORNER ARE SOME RAILWAY CARS AND THE C.P.R. (CROW'S NEST) TRACK

dentially the old hotel drove a flourishing trade in strong waters of another sort. The location of the town, however, and its rapid growth has to do with another part of Turtle mountain, where an excellent seam of coal is found. Coal in almost limitless quantity and of best quality is found in a dozen places near Frank, but as yet only two mines have been developed to the stage of shipping. The better developed of these two, the Frank mine, though its very beginning dates back not much farther than two years, has reached a shipping capacity of one thousand tons daily. Less than two years ago unbroken forest covered the flat where Frank now stands. Building began in June, and in September of the same year a village was incorporated. That is a fair sample of Western town-making. And the town so quickly built is no shack aggregation, but one of the best built and best equipped towns in Alberta.

The day of incorporation is a day remembered along the whole Crow's Nest Line. Excursion trains brought in people by thousands, and every

Tom, Dick or Harry of these, from the moment of his arrival until he departed in weariness at night, was in quest of the Mining and Townsite Company. All he could eat, drink or smoke; everything he could desire in the way of entertainment was provided for him. One gratification only was he denied—that of spending money.

After such a birthday the town—which, by the way, is named for Hon. H. L. Frank, of Butte, Montana—could not but prosper. At the time of the lamentable catastrophe which has made Frank known abroad, the population had reached the thousand mark, and the place become a really important business, mining and railway centre.

The terror, confusion, horror, dismay of people waked by the thunder of a falling mountain, when they began to perceive the extent of the calamity which had come upon them, can scarcely be imagined. Men, women and children thronged into the streets. Rescue parties soon found where the greatest ruin had been wrought, and learned how sadly little help was need-

ed. The torrent of rock had done its work so thoroughly that few in its path were left merely wounded, and of the dead most were buried so deeply that search for bodies is even now a thing impossible. One party went at once to the mine. Little enough hope was entertained of the safety of the men at work there, for the mine is a series of tunnels in Turtle mountain, and the very centre of the slide passed directly over it. But while the new

Then another terror spread, for experts who had climbed the mountain, reported the remaining peak—which of the three was nearest to the town—to be badly shaken and likely to fall. Premier Haultain, after investigating further, declared the town unsafe, and issued an order—which most of the people had already of their own accord acted upon—that all should leave until danger was over. In the exodus which followed all extremes of coolness



FRANK—SEVERAL HOUSES WERE DESTROYED OR WRECKED AND CARRIED LONG DISTANCES BY THE SLIDE

PHOTO BY PREST, CRANKHROOK

fallen rock was still slipping and grinding and small masses still falling from the broken mountain-side, work was begun. On the inside the bewildered miners found their air supply cut off, and their way blocked by what they knew must be a prodigious mass of rock. It was not until the second day that, more like the ghosts of miners than like men, they broke through an upper working, and rejoicing mingled with mourning throughout the stricken town.

and excitement were displayed. One man was observed on his way to a neighbouring town gravely carrying two links of stovepipe to a place of safety. Merchants simply turned keys on valuable stocks and went away. Mounted Police officers patrolled the valley. Who can enumerate the many and various duties of these excellent soldiers, and who can suggest one soldierly duty they cannot perform? It was suggested that nature should be assisted, and the peak brought down



FRANK—THE DEBRIS OF A HOUSE IN WHICH THE FATHER, MOTHER AND FOUR CHILDREN WERE KILLED. SEARCHING FOR THE UNFORTUNATE

at once by dynamite. But it seemed willing to come unassisted, and in places of safety the people awaited the event. After more than a week of watching, no movement having been observed, restriction was removed and Frank again had a place on the map, and was a town in which it was lawful

to live and transact busines. In a few minutes after the proclamation stores were again open. As many as can do so still live in the neighbouring town Blairmore, coming two miles each day to work in Frank. The remaining peak is still in suspense, and to some extent so are the people of Frank.



THE MIDDLE FORK FALLS, THE NIAGARA OF THE FOOTHILLS, JUST BELOW FRANK



TORONTO EXHIBITION—THE NEW DAIRY BUILDING

## A DOMINION EXHIBITION

*By James Johnson*



HE man who first suggested the idea of holding a Dominion Exhibition is entitled to almost as much credit as the man who wrote "The Maple Leaf Forever." Canada has sent national exhibits to Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, Paris and Glasgow, but now for the first time she is to have a Dominion exhibit at home. It is another evidence of the growing national sentiment. Provincial barriers are breaking down, and the Canadian living in Halifax, or Victoria has sympathies and aspirations and ambitions identical with the Canadian in Ontario. All credit, therefore, to the man who suggested the Dominion Exhibition!

A Dominion Exhibition must be held somewhere, and a place had to be selected. Would it be Winnipeg, or Ottawa, or Montreal, or Toronto? The latter city was selected because it is central, because it has a permanent set of exhibition buildings worth a million dollars, and because the experiment could be made there with least expense. The Toronto Industrial Ex-

hibition Association offered to make the experiment for the insignificant grant of \$50,000. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with his customary shrewdness, saw that it was a splendid opportunity, and guaranteed the amount at once, surprised no doubt at the modesty of the request. This grant will be spent in special prizes, equalization of freight rates on exhibits coming from distant points, advertising outside of Ontario and manufacturing demonstrations. The Ontario Government also granted \$10,000 for this national undertaking, stipulating that it be spent for demonstrations in butter and cheese making—a stipulation which is a compliment to the importance of these Canadian industries. The city of Toronto, not to be outdone in generosity, is spending \$20,000 in preparing and remodelling the exhibition grounds, while the citizens of that city have subscribed \$1,500 more for decorations and illuminations. The total extra cost of this year's exhibition in Toronto will thus be \$95,000, exclusive of the new buildings erected during the past two years.

The Exhibition will be of a threefold character—natural, agricultural and industrial. The natural resources of the country in lumber, minerals, fisheries and animals will be indicated by exhibits which will represent the natural wealth of Nova Scotia, of New Brunswick, of Quebec, of Manitoba, of British Columbia and of Ontario. Similarly the agricultural resources of the country will be demonstrated by exhibits from all over Canada, including butter, cheese, fruits, grains, grasses and vegetables. The exhibit of manufactures will be extensive, and will also indicate the processes by which the Canadian manufacturers are scoring their successes in meeting the world's competition. In each of these divisions the financial arrangement will be such that the exhibitor from Halifax and Vancouver will be on an equal footing as regards expense with the exhibitor from Montreal, or any Ontario point.

To show the relative importance of each of these three branches the following figures are instructive:

## EXPORTS 1901.

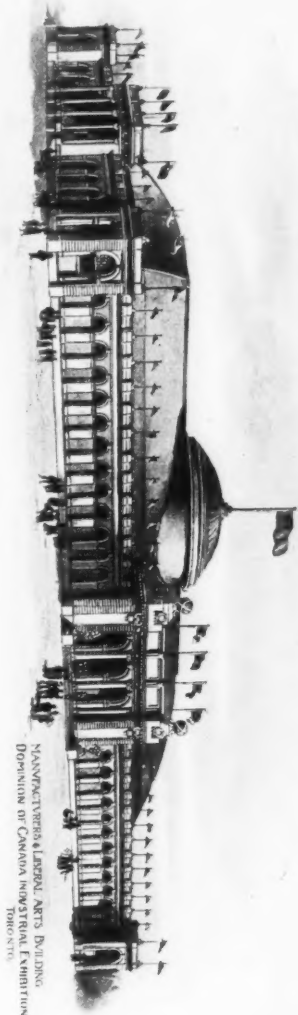
Natural, including the mine, fisheries, forest, animals and their produce.....	1,36,600,000
Agricultural products, including fruits, grain, flour, etc.....	24,800,000
Manufactures.....	16,000,000
Total.....	\$177,400,000

Another feature of importance will be the exhibition of national art, which will include representative work of the professional painters in oil and water-colour, of mural decorators, of sculptors, of architects, of designers and of illustrators. This exhibit should have a wonderful educative and informing value. It will no doubt be the finest exhibit of Canadian art ever made.

The famous Toronto Exhibition, under whose auspices this first Dominion exhibition will be held, practically dates back to 1859. In that year a crystal palace, modelled after Prince Albert's famous Crystal Palace, was opened with a union Exhibition held under the auspices of

the Toronto Society of Arts and Manufactures and the West Riding of York Agricultural Society. The newspapers

THE NEW MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING  
DOMINION OF CANADA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION  
TORONTO

of the time describe "some new implements of Canadian make," including "a combined mower and reaper made



TORONTO EXHIBITION—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE GROUNDS—TORONTO BAY AND ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE

in Dundas," "a most notable article" in the nature of "an iron bedstead with springs attached to the bottom," a "half-a-dozen wooden pails which appear to be well made," "some first-rate specimens of pressed bricks," "two single buggies with the shafts fastened to the axle-tree." It was not until 1877, however, that the Toronto Exhibition became even a provincial affair. The present sixty-acre site was then leased from the Dominion Government which owned the land, and new buildings were opened by the Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin, on the 24th of September, 1878. With the exception of 1879, the provincial exhibition of Ontario has since been held in Toronto. The attendance in the early years was about 90,000 annually; this has now grown in twenty-five years to about 500,000.

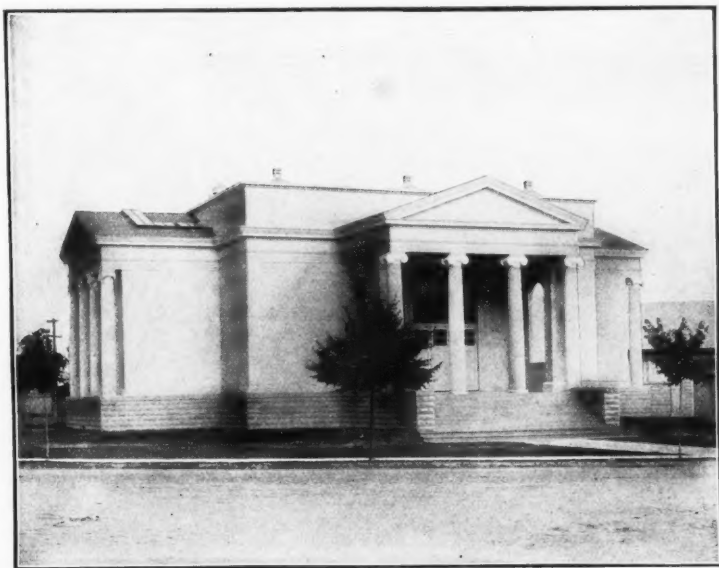
During this twenty-five-year period the buildings have been enlarged and multiplied until now they present an imposing appearance. What was formerly known as the Main Building will this year be known as the Trans-



W. K. McNAUGHT

President Toronto Exhibition Association

portation Building, and used exclusively for the display of carriages, harness, bicycles and similar articles. A magnificent new main building



THE NEW ART BUILDING



W. E. WELLINGTON

Vice-Pres. Toronto Exhibition Association

has just been completed to be known as the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. It is an imposing structure of brick and steel,

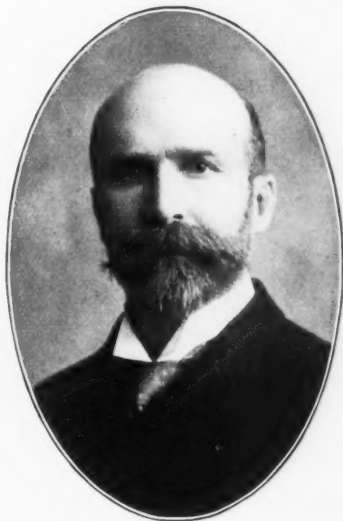
with a ground floor space of over two acres. The cost is in the neighbourhood of \$120,000. This will contain the finer classes of manufactured goods, where "Made in Canada" will be proved to be a label of some importance. These exhibits will be divided into sections, so that similar articles will be displayed together. Another new building to be used for the first time this year is a Stove Building. The national requirements for heating apparatus has caused the building up of a most important and extensive industry, which is now to be dignified with a building devoted exclusively to its interests. In addition to the regular Machinery Hall, a special building is to be fitted up for the exhibition of processes of manufacture which should prove entertaining and instructive to visitors. The new Art Building opened last year is constructed of cement stucco upon a foundation of solid cement blocks, and is a creditable piece of architecture. The new Dairy Building, also opened last year, is something unique in this country, being built in theatre style, so that visitors may be seated and have a full



DEMONSTRATION ROOM OF THE NEW DAIRY BUILDING

view of the processes exhibited. The exhibition will open on August 27th, and remain open two and a half weeks.

The people of Canada will no doubt watch this experiment with great care. If it be successful, the Dominion Government will necessarily feel justified in repeating it. It may not be advisable at present to hold the exhibition always in one place. Winnipeg has done excellent work with its agricultural show, and there seems no reason to think that a Dominion Agricultural Exhibition could not be held in that expanding city in the near future. The West is developing rapidly and such an event would be of assistance in many ways. A Dominion Exhibition in Ottawa or Montreal ought to be possible. Ottawa has already a splendid annual exhibition, although Montreal has been less fortunate in this regard. Whatever the future may determine as to location, the Dominion exhibition idea is of too much importance to be lost. The wisdom of its citizens which has brought the nation through the trying days of babyhood and youth, will bring greater developments. The holding of Dominion exhibitions annually or at intervals will



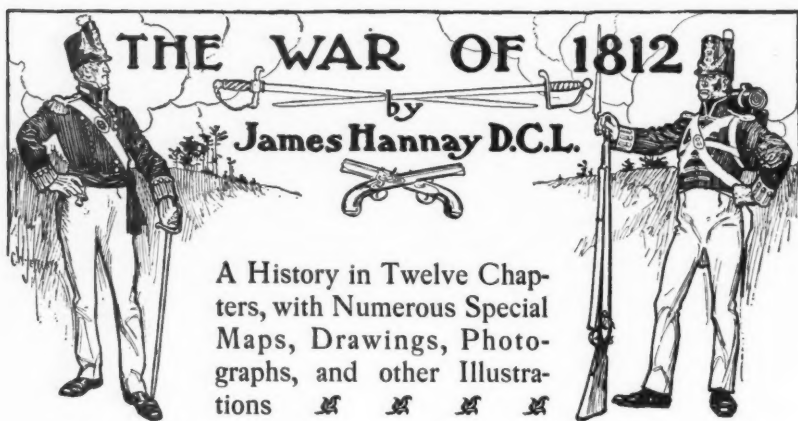
J. O. ORR

Secretary and Manager Toronto Exhibition Association

be a stimulus to national production, commerce and art and will react on the life of the people with cumulative effect.



TORONTO EXHIBITION—DISPLAY OF PRIZE CATTLE



## CHAPTER X.—LAKE ERIE AND MORAVIANTOWN

THE result of the operations in the North West had been to show that nothing effective could be accomplished by the Americans unless the command of Lake Erie could be obtained. The British had the armed ship *Queen Charlotte*, the big *Hunter* and one or two smaller vessels on this lake when the war broke out, and they should have had no difficulty in maintaining the ascendancy there, had proper measures been adopted. But, while the Americans were bending all their energies to the equipment of a fleet powerful enough to drive the British from the lake, there was no corresponding activity on the British side. In February, 1813, Captain Oliver Hazard Perry of the U.S. Navy was appointed to the command of the American fleets on Lake Erie and the upper lakes, to act under Commodore Chauncey. The nucleus of a fleet already existed in the *Caledonia* brig, which, as has been seen, was captured in the autumn of 1812, and in the schooners *Somers*, *Tigress* and *Ohio* and sloop *Trippe*, purchased from private parties. These vessels could not get out of the Niagara River while the British held that frontier, but the brief period during which the Americans possessed it, after the capture of Fort George, enabled them to be tracked up

to the lake and taken to Presque Isle, and Erie. There three other schooners, the *Ariel*, *Scorpion* and *Porcupine*, had been built, and two 20-gun brigs were under construction. On the 10th of July all these vessels were ready for sea, but they were unable to get out of the harbour of Erie because of the British fleet. There was only seven feet of water on the bar at the entrance of this harbour, so that the heavy brigs could not go out with their armament on board, and consequently a comparatively small British force was able to keep them imprisoned there and paralyze their strength.

The British Commander on Lake Erie was Captain Robert Herriott Barclay, of the Royal Navy, who with 19 seamen had been sent up from Halifax in the spring of 1813. Barclay was a brave officer who had lost an arm under Nelson at Trafalgar; but, unfortunately for Canada, he does not seem to have learned from his heroic chief the great lesson that strict attention to duty is quite as essential to an officer as courage. Nelson, when at the very height of his fame, when his name was honoured and feared throughout the civilized world, did not deem it beneath him to engage in the routine work of a blockade, and watched the port of Toulon so closely that for one year and

ten months he never put a foot ashore. Captain Barclay showed no such constancy in blockading Erie, but varied the monotony of this work by visits to Amherstburg and other places on the coast. The Americans noticed Barclay's lack of perseverance in the discharge of his duties, and resolved to take advantage of it. There was a pretty widow of an officer of some rank at Amherstburg, who was very anxious to get to York. Captain Barclay offered her a passage down the lake in his ship, and conveyed her to Port Dover, and then escorted her to the residence of Dr. Rolph. Barclay was invited to a dinner there the following day, and waited over to attend it. When he got back to Erie, after an absence of more than three days from his post, the American brigs were over the bar, and the control of the Lake had passed from his hands. During his absence they had been got out of port by means of a "camel" improvised out of two large scows. Once on the Lake with their armament on board they were too powerful to be successfully opposed, and Barclay had to retire to Amherstburg.

At Amherstburg the British had built a small ship for Barclay's fleet, but owing to the neglect of Sir George Prevost the guns intended for her had not arrived from Lake Ontario, and, of course, with the Americans in command of the Lake, could not now be conveyed to Amherstburg. The Indians had flocked to that place in such numbers that the supplies intended for the British army rapidly disappeared, and starvation stared both army and navy in the face. Nothing remained but to arm the new ship with the guns of the fort, a makeshift only to be justified by the necessities of the case. It resulted from this that the new vessel, which was named the *Detroit*, had six different classes of guns on board when she went into action, and that these guns were of four different calibres. She carried two long 24's and one short 24, a long and a short 18, six long 12's and 8 long 9's. So deficient was her equipment that her

guns had to be fired by flashing pistols at their touch-holes. Yet it was necessary that the British fleet, of which this miserably provided vessel was the flagship, should go out to meet a very superior and thoroughly equipped enemy.

Sir George Prevost had been no more diligent in providing Barclay with crews than in supplying him with guns for his vessels. When he arrived at Amherstburg he had nineteen sailors with him, and three days before the battle with Perry's fleet, he was joined by 36 sailors who had come from H.M.S. *Dover*. There were 102 Canadian sailors in the fleet, and, to complete the number necessary to man the guns 250 officers and men of the 41st Regt. were taken on board. The total number on board Barclay's vessels and available for duty was, therefore, 407, supposing none to be on the sick list; but as many were sick, the effective force was much reduced. There were 532 men on board Perry's fleet, including a considerable proportion of sick. Of the total 329 were seamen, 158 marines or soldiers, and 45 volunteers. If the latter were all seafaring men, as is probable, Perry had about two and one-half times as many sailors in his fleet as Barclay. The strength of the two fleets in guns is shown by the following table:—

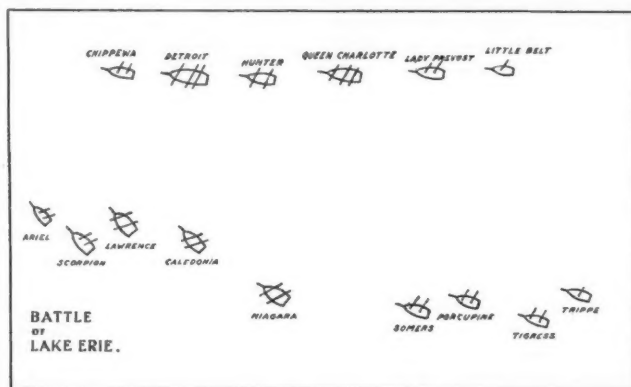
AMERICAN FLEET.	BRITISH FLEET.
Weight of Broadside.	Weight of Broadside.
Lawrence ... 300 lbs.	Detroit .... 158 lbs.
Niagara .... 300 "	Queen Charlotte.....189 "
Caledonia ... 80 "	Lady Prevost. 75 "
Ariel ..... 48 "	Hunter..... 30 "
Scorpion .... 64 "	Chippewa ... 9 "
Somers ..... 56 "	Little Belt.... 18 "
Porcupine ... 32 "	
Tigress ..... 32 "	
Trippe ..... 24 "	
936 lbs.	459 lbs.

In weight of metal the American squadron was, therefore, more than double the force of the British. During the engagement, however, both the *Lawrence* and *Niagara* substituted a long 12-pounder for a short 32 on the engaged side, so that the broad-

side of each was reduced in weight from 300 lbs. to 280 lbs., and the total broadside of the fleet to 876 lbs. Of the American broadside, 288 lbs. were from long guns and 608 lbs. from carronades. Of the British broadside, 195 lbs. were from long guns and 264 lbs. from carronades. On this Mr. Roosevelt, almost the only American author who has attempted to give an honest account of the battle, very candidly says:—"The superiority of the Americans in long gun metal was, therefore, nearly as three is to two, and to carronade metal greater than two is to one. The chief fault to be

is only necessary to explain that Perry's 15 long guns consisted of three 32-pounders, 4 24-pounders, and eight 12-pounders, while Barclay's 19 were, one 24, one 18, five 12's, seven 9's, four 6's, one 4 and one 2-pounder. The short guns or carronades used by Perry in the battle were nineteen 32-pounders; those used by Barclay were eight 24-pounders and six 12-pounders.

It was on the morning of the 18th Sept. that the two fleets sighted each other. Perry had learned from his agents in Detroit of the extreme weakness of the British fleet and the stern necessity which had forced Barclay to



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1813, WHEN NINE UNITED STATES VESSELS, UNDER PERRY, DESTROYED OR CAPTURED SIX BRITISH VESSELS UNDER BARCLAY.

found in the various American accounts is that they sedulously conceal the comparative weight of metal, while carefully specifying the number of guns. Thus Lossing says: 'Barclay had 35 long guns to Perry's 15, and possessed greatly the advantage in action at a distance; which he certainly did not.' It is well to have this testimony of an American as to the dishonesty of his own countrymen, and especially of Lossing. Although Perry had but 15 long guns, they were so mounted that all could be used in the battle, while Barclay could not employ 19 of his 35. And to show how false Lossing's statement above quoted is, it

risk an engagement with his inferior force. Yet, with the assurance of victory which his twofold superiority gave him, Perry thought it necessary to increase the importance of his anticipated triumph by resorting to demonstrations of a theatrical character. He had a large flag prepared for his ship with the alleged dying words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," printed upon it and, in imitation of Nelson, he called together the officers of his squadron to give them instructions with regard to the expected action. As the officers were leaving, he said: "Gentlemen, remember your instructions. Nelson has expressed

my idea in the words, 'If you lay your enemy close alongside you cannot be out of place'; good night." Nelson expressing Perry's idea is something calculated to arouse the gaiety of nations.

The British fleet, when sighted, was off Put-in Bay where Perry's vessels lay. The latter were soon under weigh and at ten o'clock the American squadron was approaching Barclay. The British commander had his ships arranged lying to in a close column heading to the southwest in the following order: *Chippewa*, *Detroit*, *Hunter*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Lady Prevost* and *Little Belt*. The wind, which in the morning had been from the southwest, now shifted to the northeast, giving the Americans the weather gauge, the

breeze being very light. Perry came down with the wind on his port beam, and made the attack in column in the following order: *Ariel*, *Scorpion*, *Lawrence*, *Caledonia*, *Niagara*, *Somers*, *Porcupine*, *Tigress* and *Trippe*. Perry's plan of attack embraced three separate combats and to show their nature and the chance the British had of winning a victory, it is necessary to specify them in detail. The *Scorpion*, *Ariel*, *Lawrence*, (Perry's flagship) and *Caledonia* were to attack the *Chippewa*, *Detroit* (Barclay's flagship) and *Hunter*. The *Niagara* was to attack the *Queen Charlotte*, and the *Somers*, *Porcupine*, *Tigress* and *Trippe* were to attack the *Lady Prevost* and *Little Belt*. The force engaged in these combats was as follows:

## VAN COMBAT.

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
Guns fought.	Broadside.	Guns fought.	Broadside.
<i>Scorpion</i> , 1 long 32 } " 1 short 32 }	64 lbs.	<i>Chippewa</i> , 1 long 9,	9 lbs.
<i>Ariel</i> , 4 long 12's,	48 lbs.	<i>Detroit</i> , 1 long 18 } " 1 " 24 } " 3 " 12's } " 4 " 9's } " 1 short 24 }	138 lbs.
<i>Lawrence</i> , 2 long 12's } " 8 short 32's }	280 lbs.	<i>Hunter</i> , 2 long 6's } " 1 " 4 } " 1 " 2 } " 1 short 12 }	30 lbs.
<i>Caledonia</i> , 2 long 24's } " 1 short 32 }	80 lbs.		
19 guns.	472 lbs.	16 guns.	177 lbs.

## CENTRE COMBAT.

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
Guns fought.	Broadside.	Guns fought.	Broadside.
<i>Niagara</i> , 2 long 12's } " 8 short 32's }	280 lbs.	<i>Queen Charlotte</i> , 1 long 12 } " 1 long 9 } " 7 short 24's }	189 lbs.
10 guns.		9 guns.	

## REAR COMBAT.

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
Guns fought.	Broadside.	Guns fought.	Broadside.
<i>Somers</i> , 1 long 24 } " 1 short 32 }	56 lbs.	<i>Lady Prevost</i> , 1 long 9 } " 1 long 6 } " 5 short 12's }	75 lbs.
<i>Porcupine</i> , 1 long 32,	32 lbs.	<i>Little Belt</i> , 1 long 12 } " 1 " 6 }	18 lbs.
<i>Tigress</i> , 1 long 32,	32 lbs.		
<i>Trippe</i> , 1 long 24,	24 lbs.		
5 guns.	144 lbs.	9 guns.	93 lbs.

With these figures in view it is unnecessary to explain to the reader the nearly threefold superiority of the Americans in the van combat, and the great preponderance of force they possessed in the other two. At 11.45 the *Detroit* commenced the action by a shot from her long 24 which fell short; at 11.50 she fired a second which went crashing through the *Lawrence* and was replied to by the *Scorpion's* long 32. At 11.55 the *Lawrence* opened with both her long 12's and gradually drew nearer to the *Detroit* so that her heavy carronades might take effect. A great deal is said in American accounts of the battle, of the heavy loss sustained by the *Lawrence*, while approaching the *Detroit*, from the long guns of the *Chippewa*, *Detroit* and *Hunter* which threw 141 lbs. at a broadside, but the *Detroit* suffered quite as much at the same time from the long guns of the *Scorpion*, *Ariel*, *Lawrence* and *Caledonia* which threw 152 lbs. of metal at a broadside. When the *Scorpion*, *Lawrence* and *Caledonia* got within carronade range the 320 lbs. of metal which they threw from short guns was just ninefold superior to the 36 lbs. thrown from similar guns by the *Detroit* and *Hunter*.

At 12.30 the American four and British three ships of the van were furiously engaged, but the *Niagara* kept at such a respectful distance from her chosen antagonist, the *Queen Charlotte*, that the carronades of neither vessels could be used with effect. The latter, however, suffered greatly from the long guns of the American schooners and lost her commander Capt. Finnis and first lieutenant, Mr. Stokoe, who were killed early in the action. Her next in command, Provincial Lieutenant Irvine, seeing that the *Niagara* avoided close action, passed the *Hunter* and took a station between that vessel and the *Detroit*. This made the contest with the *Lawrence* and her three assailants more equal than it had been, and made the van combat a fight between four British vessels throwing 204 lbs. of metal from carronades and 162 lbs. from long guns, and four Am-

erican vessels throwing 320 lbs. from carronades and 152 lbs. from long guns. The superiority of the Americans in this combat in weight of metal was, therefore, about 30 per cent., without taking into account the two long 12's of the *Niagara*, which were directed against the *Detroit* and her consorts. If the Americans had won this combat, even with such odds in their favour, there might have been some shadow of excuse for the claims which they based on their victory, but, as they lost it, these claims must be pronounced false.

The centre combat, as has been said, failed by reason of the timidity of the captain of the *Niagara*, Jesse D. Elliott, the same person who was so much bepraised, and who received a vote of thanks from Congress and a sword for his gallantry in cutting out two British vessels at Fort Erie, in October, 1812. But the rear combat went on vigorously between the *Somers*, *Porcupine*, *Tigress* and *Trippe* with their five heavy guns and the *Lady Prevost* and *Little Belt* with their nine light ones. The four American vessels kept at such a distance that the 12-pound carronades of the *Lady Prevost* were almost useless, yet, to quote the American, Mr. Roosevelt, she made "a very noble fight." It was obvious enough that in a contest at long range between three long 32's and two long 24's throwing 144 lbs. of metal on the American side, and one long 12, one long 9 and two long 6's throwing 33 lbs. on the British side, the weaker party must suffer. The *Lady Prevost* was greatly cut up, her commander, Lieut. Buchan, being dangerously, and her acting first-lieutenant severely wounded, and she began falling gradually to leeward.

In the meantime the van combat was being carried on with great determination on both sides. The Americans fought bravely, but not so skilfully as the British. The *Detroit* on the one side and the *Lawrence* on the other were the centres of attack. The *Detroit* was frightfully shattered and had lost her first lieutenant, Mr. Garland, while

Capt. Barclay was so badly hurt that he was obliged to quit the deck, leaving the vessel in charge of Lieut. George Inglis. But the *Lawrence* was in a still worse plight, her losses in killed and wounded had been frightful, one after another all the guns on her engaged side had been dismounted, and she was reduced to the condition of a hulk. At two o'clock Perry hauled down his "Don't give up the ship" flag, and started in a rowboat for the *Niagara*, which, owing to the extreme prudence of her commander, had up to that time suffered hardly any loss. As soon as Perry left the *Lawrence*, Lieut. Yarnall struck her flag, but as all the boats of the *Detroit* had been shot away, she could not for the moment be taken possession of by the British.

When Perry boarded the *Niagara* she was coming up towards the head of the line with a fresh breeze. She was a new element brought into the contest. The American commander sent back Elliott to order up the schooners which were in the rear, and then stood towards the British van. The *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte* had their rigging too much disabled to tack, and, in attempting to wear, they fell foul of each other. The *Niagara*, which had previously delivered her broadside into the *Chippewa*, *Little Belt* and *Lady Prevost* to port, and the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte* and *Hunter* to starboard, now luffed athwart the bows of the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, and kept up a terrific discharge of cannon and musketry upon them at half-pistol range. They were at the same time raked by the *Caledonia* and the American schooners. As both vessels were totally disabled there was nothing left for them but to strike their colours. The *Hunter* and *Lady Prevost* did the same. The *Chippewa* and *Little Belt* tried to escape, but were captured by the *Trippe* and *Scorpion* after a chase which lasted several hours. Thus the whole British fleet on Lake Erie was taken, and the Americans were able to illuminate their cities, fill their land with boasting, and

declare that in Perry they had a greater sea captain than Nelson.

The British lost in this battle 41 killed, including Captains S. J. Garden and R. A. Finnis, and 94 wounded, including Capt. Barclay and Lieutenants Stokoe, Garland, Buchan, Rolette and Bignall; in all, 135. The Americans had 27 killed and 96 wounded, of whom three died, a total of 123. The fault of Barclay in raising the blockade of Erie long enough to allow the Americans to get out of port was an enormous one, almost a crime, but in the action he proved himself a brave and skilful commander. No Briton or Canadian need feel ashamed of the battle of Lake Erie. The Americans won it indeed, but the honours rested with the defeated party. Roosevelt, although writing as an American, says:—"Were it not for the fact that the victory was so complete it might be said that the length of the contest and the trifling disparity of loss, reflected rather the most credit on the British." In another place he says: "The simple truth is that where on both sides the officers and men were equally brave and skilful, the side which possessed the superiority of force, in the proportion of three to two, could not help winning." It has been already shown that the proportion of force in favour of the Americans, instead of being three to two, was really two to one. The *Chippewa*, with her single long nine, and the *Little Belt*, with her long twelve and long six in broadside, were not worthy to be called vessels of war, and were wholly unfit to be placed in line of battle. Nor was the *Hunter*, which had no long gun heavier than a six, and which carried such popguns as fours and twos, much better. The only vessels which Barclay had that were fit for combat, were the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, and the former, as has been seen, went into battle armed with makeshift guns, taken from a fortification, of four different calibres and six different classes. Had she been provided with the armament intended for her, which did not arrive at Burlington Heights from Kingston

until after she was captured, she would have carried ten short 24's and two long 12's and her broadside, instead of being 138 lbs., would have been 252 lbs., or almost double. Had she been so armed, the result of the contest would have been very different. The *Lawrence* would have been compelled to strike an hour earlier than she did, and the *Niagara* would have been beaten off or captured.

It is admitted that but for the *Niagara*, the American fleet would have been utterly defeated, and the proof of it lies in the fact that the *Lawrence* had struck her flag. As Roosevelt says:—"Perry made a headlong attack; his superior force, whether through his fault or misfortune, can hardly be said, being brought into action in such a manner that the head of the line was crushed by the inferior force opposed. Being literally hammered out of his own ship, Perry brought up its powerful twin sister, and the already shattered hostile squadron, was crushed by sheer weight." That the British vessels were not utterly helpless when the *Niagara* attacked them is shown by the loss suffered by that ship in the last few minutes of the battle which amounted to two killed and 25 wounded. Indeed, but for the accidental fouling of the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, due to their unrigged condition, which rendered them perfectly helpless against the *Niagara's* broadsides delivered from a raking position, it is doubtful whether either vessel would have been under the necessity of striking, despite the enormous losses both had suffered. With the *Niagara* out of the fight, then the victory would have been Barclay's, and without this vessel the American fleet would have still been superior to the British by one-third, as may be seen by the following comparative statement:

	Broadside Weight of Metal.		
	From long guns.	From carronades.	Total.
Perry's fleet with- out <i>Niagara</i> ...	264 lbs.	352 lbs.	616 lbs.
Barclay's fleet...	195 "	264 "	459 "
Difference in favour of Perry...	69 lbs.	88 lbs.	157 lbs.

Here we have a difference in favour of the Americans of 35 per cent. in long gun metal, and yet with this great superiority the Americans were beaten until the staunch and uninjured *Niagara* was brought into action. No account is here taken of the damage done by the *Niagara* during her two hours and a half cannonade of the British ships with her two long 12's, in the first part of the battle. In view of such facts and figures as these, how absurd seems all the boasting of the Americans over Perry's victory.

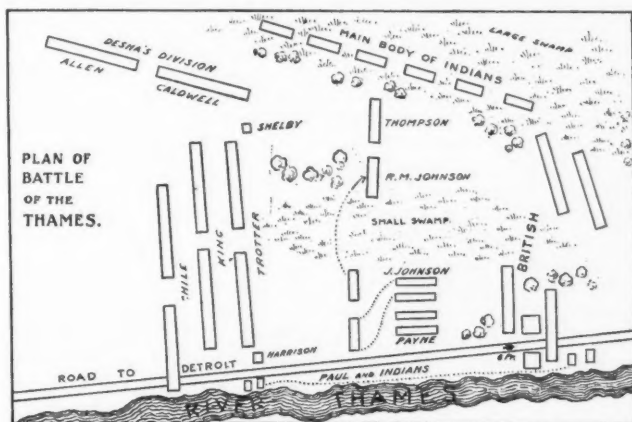
The result of Perry's victory was to leave the whole coast of the Western Peninsula exposed to invasion, and to cut off Procter's army from its base of supplies. General Harrison was gathering troops for another attack on Detroit and Amherstburg, and it became evident that these places could not be held against the overwhelming forces of the enemy. The whole strength of the British right division under Procter was only 877 men of all ranks, sick and well, or 760 rank and file on the day after the battle of Lake Erie. Of the 250 officers and men of his army on board the fleet, 23 had been killed, 49 wounded, and the remainder taken prisoners.

On the 24th September, General Harrison's army rendezvoused at Put-in Bay, and on the 27th they embarked to the number of 5,000 men on board the vessels of Perry's fleet, and landed the same day three or four miles below Amherstburg. General Procter had previously abandoned this place and retired to Sandwich, first destroying Fort Amherstburg, which had been deprived of its guns to arm the *Detroit*. Harrison occupied Amherstburg the same evening, and on the following day advanced towards Sandwich, which he entered on the afternoon of the 29th. At the same time the American vessels reached Detroit. On the 30th, Col. Johnson with his regiment of mounted infantry arrived there, raising the number of Harrison's army to 6,000 men. Procter had retreated with his little force to the Thames, and made a temporary stand at Dolsen's

farm, about 15 miles from the mouth of the river, and 56 miles from Detroit by water. Besides his white troops Procter had with him about 1,200 Indians under Tecumseh.

On the 2nd of October, Harrison started in pursuit of Procter. According to his own official letter, he had with him "about 140 of the regular troops, Johnson's mounted regiment and such of Gov. Shelby's volunteers as were fit for a rapid march, the whole amounting to about 3,500 men." He also had with him, although he does not mention the fact in his letter, about

tinued. At Chatham a skirmish took place with some Indians who had partially destroyed a bridge near the creek, in which the latter lost 13 killed, and the Americans eight or nine killed and wounded. The Indians were driven away, the bridge repaired and the Americans crossed. Here Walk-in-the-Water, the Wyandotte chief, who had deserted Procter, met Harrison with 60 warriors and offered to join the Americans. He was sent back to Detroit. Just east of Chatham, one of Procter's boats laden with arms and stores was found on fire, and four



BATTLE OF MORAVIANTOWN OR THE THAMES, OCTOBER 1813. FOUR THOUSAND UNITED STATES TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL HARRISON, WERE OPPOSED TO 394 BRITISH AND 500 INDIANS UNDER GENERAL PROCTER. THE BRITISH WERE BADLY DEFEATED, AND TECUMSEH, THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEF, WAS AMONG THE SLAIN.

260 Wyandotte, Shawnoese and Seneca Indians, under Chiefs Lewis, Black Hoof and Black Snake. Harrison's baggage, provisions and ammunition were carried up the Thames by water in three of Perry's gunboats. On the 3rd some of Harrison's men captured a lieutenant and 11 rank and file of a troop of Provincial Dragoons belonging to Procter's army, who had just commenced the destruction of a bridge over a small tributary of the Thames. The same evening Harrison's army encamped about four miles below Dolsen's. On the 4th the pursuit was con-

tinued. At Chatham a skirmish took place with some Indians who had partially destroyed a bridge near the creek, in which the latter lost 13 killed, and the Americans eight or nine killed and wounded. The Indians were driven away, the bridge repaired and the Americans crossed. Here two 24-pounders were taken.

On the morning of the 5th, Harrison's army captured two British gunboats with several bateaux laden with army supplies and ammunition. These vessels had on board 144 officers and men of the 41st Regt., and 30 men of the Newfoundland Regt. and 10th Royal Veteran Battalion. This last misfortune, by depriving Procter of his ammunition and supplies, rendered it necessary for him to make a stand and

risk an engagement with a vastly superior enemy. He took up a position on the right bank of the Thames which protected his left. His whole effective force of white troops had been reduced to 476 of all ranks, of which 408 were of the 41st Regt. There were 38 Provincial Dragoons, and 30 men of the Royal Artillery, with six guns, three and six pounders. With this small body of white troops there were 500 Indians, all the others having deserted in the course of the retreat.

General Procter arranged his little army for battle with a good deal of skill. The men of the 41st Regt. were drawn up in open files in a beech forest without any undergrowth. Their right rested on a small swamp which ran parallel with the river. Farther to the right was a larger swamp, and in front of it a forest of a thicker growth. Along the margin of this the Indians were posted, their line forming an obtuse angle to the British drawn up in front. Behind the 41st Regt. were the 38 Provincial Dragoons. A 6-pounder enfiladed the only road by which the Americans could advance. The five other guns which Procter had with him had been stationed on an eminence near Moraviantown, two miles from the field of battle, in order to guard a ford there. They would have been much better placed if used to protect the British front in the battle.

Harrison's attacking force consisted of "something above 3,000 men," according to his own official report. No doubt the number was greater than he states, for he enumerates five brigades of Kentucky Volunteers, 120 regulars of the U.S. 27th Regt., and Colonel Johnson's mounted infantry regiment, which was about 1,000 strong. The matter is not of much consequence for, according to his own showing, Harrison had more than three times as many troops as the British and Indians combined, without counting his own 260 savages. Three brigades of Volunteer infantry, aggregating 1,500 men, were placed by Harrison in three lines, with their right on the river and their left on the swamp. These were under the

command of Major-General Henry. Two other brigades, numbering about 1,000 men, comprising Gen. Desha's command, were formed *en potence* on the left of Henry's command, so as to hold the Indians in check and prevent a flank attack. Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment was placed in front of Henry, formed in two columns. The regulars of the 27th Regt. were posted between the road and the river to seize the British 6-pounder, while the Indians with Harrison were to gain stealthily the British rear, and by their attack convey to them the impression that their own Indians had turned against them. Counting Major Suggett's 200 mounted spies, which led the advance as cavalry, the rank-and-file of both armies were as follows:—

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Indians.	Total.
American	2,620	1,200	260	4,080
British	356	38	500	894

Harrison had intended that the attack should be made by his infantry, but the intelligence which he received that the British were formed in open order, decided him to order Johnson to charge with his mounted riflemen. "The measure," says Harrison in his official despatch, "was not sanctioned by anything that had been seen or heard of, but I was fully convinced that it would succeed. The American backwoodsmen ride better in the woods than any other people. A musket or a rifle is no impediment, they being accustomed to carry them on horseback from their earliest youth. I was persuaded, too, that the enemy would be quite unprepared for the shock, and that they could not resist it." General Harrison was quite right in this conjecture. As Johnson with his 1,200 mounted men advanced, they received two volleys from the British infantry, which threw them into some confusion, but immediately after the second fire the cavalry charged with such overwhelming force as to break the British line. The men of the 41st were thrown into such disorder by this sudden attack that they could not be rallied, and most of those who were not killed or

wounded were made prisoners. General Procter and his staff, with the Provincial Dragoons, sought safety in flight. The Indians on the American left flank made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but were finally defeated by overwhelming numbers and forced to retire, bearing with them the body of their leader, Tecumseh, who was killed. They left 33 dead on the field of battle. The British lost 12 killed and 22 wounded, and, including the latter, 477 were taken prisoners on the day of the battle. These prisoners included 101 officers and men in hospital at Moraviantown, and most of the 63 officers and privates of the 41st Regt. in attendance upon them or on duty with the baggage. The total loss suffered by the British right division in the retreat from Amherstburg and the battle was 631 officers and men. The Americans lost in the battle 15 killed and 30 wounded. They had won a notable victory at little cost, and their general endeavoured to make the most of it. By concealing the fact that five of the six guns he captured were not in the battle at all, and also that a large proportion of his prisoners were invalids in hospital, he was able to give still greater weight to the affair. Such tricks as these may pass without comment, but when Harrison claims for his troops, "The palm of superior bravery," and reflects on the British for not being "magnanimous enough" to bring the flag of the 41st Regt. into the field "or it would have been taken," he shows himself the pretender that he was. The fact that, twelve days after the battle, General Procter had assembled at Ancaster 246 officers and men of his defeated army, shows that there was abundance of force to take care of the regimental flag.

Sir George Prevost, in a general order, passed a very severe censure on the right division for the defeat on the Thames, speaking of its "well-earned laurels tarnished and its conduct calling loudly for reproach and censure." If Sir George Prevost had attended to his duty as Commander-in-chief, the

right division would have been kept properly supplied and reinforced, the command of Lake Erie would have been retained, and the army would not have been defeated. No regiment that fought in Canada during the war performed better service than the 41st, but a greater strain was put on them than men could endure, and they finally suffered defeat. It is no new thing for a regiment, while formed in open order, to be broken by a sudden charge of cavalry. That happened at Quatre Bras to the 42nd Regt., and also at Waterloo to another equally distinguished British regiment, yet these corps were not thereby supposed to have merited "reproach and censure." General Procter was tried by court-martial at Montreal, in December, 1814, on five charges, and sentenced to be publicly reprimanded and to be suspended from rank and pay for six months. The court found "that he did not take the proper measures for conducting the retreat; that he had in many instances during the retreat, and in the disposition of the force under his command, been erroneous in judgment, and in some ways deficient in these energetic and active exertions, which the extraordinary difficulties of his situation so particularly required." The court, however, acquitted him as to any defect or reproach in his personal conduct. It is easy to see at this day that Procter was unjustly condemned. His difficulties all had their origin in the presence of the Indians, who, while professedly a part of his force, came and went as they pleased, and were the cause of his retreat being so long delayed. Had the Indians acted honestly by Procter and remained with him in their original numbers, the American army, instead of being victorious on the Thames, would have been destroyed.

Harrison did not follow Procter after the battle, but contented himself with burning Moraviantown. So terrified were the peaceful Christian inhabitants of this village that we have American testimony to the effect that the squaws threw their infants into the

river as they fled to prevent them from being butchered by the Americans. The Indians carried away the body of their chief, Tecumseh, but the barbarous Kentuckians found on the field a body which they took to be his, and mutilated it in a fashion that the worst savages could not have surpassed. Strips of skin were torn from the limbs and were afterwards used by the high-toned Christian gentlemen who engaged in this disgusting work for razor strops. Yet Tecumseh had never injured a wounded man or a prisoner, but had invariably protected them from his less humane brethren.

Two days after the battle on the Thames General Harrison left for Detroit, and his army on the same day commenced moving in that direction. They arrived at Sandwich on the 10th in the midst of a furious storm of wind and snow, during which several of the vessels from the Thames were injured and much of the captured property lost. Thus ended the campaign; the Kentuckians returned home, and Harrison, with 1,300 men, embarked for Buffalo to join the American army on the Niagara frontier.

## BOSS OF THE WORLD

*By Edward William Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," etc.*



ABOUT one-tenth of the people in Boston are British Canadians, mostly from the Maritime Provinces, an acquisitive, prudent folk who see naught to be gained by correcting casual acquaintances who mistake them for down-east Yankees. Often, indeed, they are descendants of Hezekiahs and Priscillas who, having been Royalists during the War of Independence, found subsequent emigration incumbent on their Puritan consciences. These Americans, returned to the ancestral soil after four or five generations of absence, commonly find New England ways surprisingly congenial, though they continue to cherish pride in British origin, and a decent warmth of regard for fellow natives of the Dominion. Hence a known Canadian is frequently addressed by an unsuspected one with, "I am from Canada, too." Having learned this from ten years' experience, I was little surprised when old Adam Bemis, meeting me on the corner of Tremont and Boylston, op-

posite the Touraine Hotel, stopped and stealthily whispered, "I am from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia."

"Really! I have always taken you for one of the prevalent minority, a man from the State of Maine."

"Most folks do. It doesn't vex me any more. But I've wanted to tell *you* any time the last few years."

"Then, why didn't you?"

"It's not my way to hurry. You will see that when I explain. I'm needing friendly advice."

He had worn the air of preoccupation ever since the beginning of our eight years' acquaintance, but that seemed very proper to an inventor burdened with the task of devising and selecting novelties for the Annual Announcement by which Mrs. Minnelly's Prize Package Department furthers the popularity of her famous Family Blessing, one dollar a bottle. The happy possessor of five half-bottle certificates, on remitting them to Adam's Department, receives by mail, prepaid, Number 1 Prize Package. Number 2 falls to the collector of ten certificates; and

so on, in gradations of Mrs. Minnelly's shrewd beneficence, until the magnifico of one thousand full-bottle certificates obtains choice between a gasoline auto-buggy and a New England farm. To be ever either adding to or choosing from the world's changing assortment of moral mechanical toys, celluloid table ornaments, reversible albums, watches warranted gold filled, books combining thrill with edification, and more or less similar "premiums" to no calculable end, might well account for old Adam's aspect, at once solemn and unsettled.

"What is your trouble?" I enquired.

"The Odistor. My greatest discovery," he whispered.

"Indeed! For your Department?"

"We will see about that. It is something mighty wonderful—I don't know but I should say almighty."

"Goodness! What is its nature?"

"I won't say—not here. You couldn't believe me without seeing it work—I wouldn't have believed it myself on anybody's word. I will bring it in to your office, that's a good place for the exhibition. No—I won't even try to explain here—we might be overheard." He glanced up and down Tremont Street, then across—"Sh—there she is herself!" He dodged into the drug store opposite the Touraine.

Mrs. Mehitable Minnelly, sole proprietor of The Family Blessing, was moving imposingly from the Boylston Street front of the hotel toward her auto-brougham. At the top step she halted and turned her cordial, broad, dominant countenance in both directions as if to beam on streets crowded with potential prize-package takers. She then spoke the permitting word to two uniformed deferential attendants, who proceeded to stay her carefully by the elbows in her descent of the stone steps. Foot passengers massed quickly on both sides of her course, watching her large, slow, progress sympathetically. When the porters had conveyed her across the pavement, and with respectful, persistent boosting made of her an ample lading for

the "auto," the chaffeur touched his wide-peaked cap, and slowly rolled her away towards Brimstone Corner and the Blessing Building. Adam came out of the drug store looking relieved.

"She doesn't like to see any of us on the street, office hours," he explained close to my ear. "Not that I ought to care one mite." He smiled somewhat defiantly and added, "To see me dodging the old lady's eye you'd never guess I'm *her* boss. But I am." He eyed my wonder exultantly and repeated, "It's so. She doesn't know it. Nobody knows, except me. But I *am* her boss. Yes, sir, and everybody's boss. Just whenever I please."

On my continued aspect of perturbation he remarked coolly,

"Naturally you think my head is on wrong. But you will know better this evening. I'm the world's boss whenever I choose to take the responsibility. If I don't choose *she* goes on being my boss, and, of course, I'll want to hold down my job. Well, good-day for the present. Or, say—I forgot—will it suit you if I come about half-past-five? I can't get there much earlier. She's not too well pleased if any of us leave before Park Street clock strikes five."

"Very well, Mr. Bemis—half-past. I shall expect you."

"Expect a surprise, too." He walked circumspectly across Boylston Street through the contrary processions of vehicles, to the edging pavement of the Common, on his way toward the new Old State House, and Mrs. Minnelly's no less immense Family Blessing factory.

It was precisely twenty-six minutes past five when Adam entered my private office in the rear room of the ground floor of a sky-scraper which overlooks that reach of Charles River lying between the Union Boat Club House and the long, puritanic, impressive simplicity of Harvard Bridge. He did not greet me, being quite preoccupied with the brown paper-covered package under his left arm. With a certain eagerness in his manner, he placed this not heavy burden on the

floor, so that it was hidden from me by the broad table-desk at which I sat. He stooped. I could hear him carefully untie the string and open the clattering paper. He placed on the green baize desk cover a bulbous object of some heavy metal resembling burnished steel. It was not unlike a large white Bermuda onion with a protuberant stem or nozzle one inch long, half-an-inch in diameter, and covered by a metal cap. Obviously the bulb was of two equal parts screwed together on a plane at right angles to the perpendicular nozzle. An inch of the upper edge of the lower or basal part was graduated finely as a vernier scale, and the whole lower edge of the upper half was divided, apparently into three hundred and sixty degrees, as is the horizontal circle of a theodolite. The parts were fitted with a clamp and tangent screw, by which the vernier could be moved with minutest precision along the graduated circle.

"I was four years experimenting before I found out how to confine it," said Adam.

"What? A high explosive!"

"No—nothing to be nervous about. But what it is I can't say exactly."

"Another Keeley secret?"

"Keeley was a dishonest man. He used compressed air on the sly. Everything is open and straight here, though I know the real nature of the force no more than electricians know what electricity is. They understand how to generate and employ it, that's all. Did you ever see a whirlwind start?"

"No."

"Think again. Not even a little one?"

"Of course I have often seen little whirlwinds on the street carrying up dust and scraps of paper, sometimes dropping them instantly, sometimes whirling them away."

"On calm days?"

"Really I can't remember. But I think not. It doesn't stand to reason."

"That's where you are mistaken. It is in the strongest kind of sunshine on dead calm days that those little

whirlwinds do start. What do you suppose starts them?"

"I never gave it a thought."

"Few do. I've given it years of close thinking. You have read of ships on tropic seas in dead calm having topsails torn to rags by whirlwinds starting 'way up there, deck and sea quiet as this room?"

"I've read of that. But I don't believe all the wonderful items I read in the papers."

"There are more wonders than the papers print. I saw that happen twice in the Indian Ocean, when I was a young man. I have been studying more or less on it ever since. Now I will show you the remainder of my Odistor. I call it that because folks used to talk of a mysterious Odic force."

To the desk he lifted a black leather grip-sack, as narrow, as low, and about twice as long as one of those in which surgeons carry their implements. From this he extracted a simple-seeming apparatus which I still suppose to have been of the nature of an electric machine. Externally it resembled a rectangular umbrella box of metal similar to that of the bulb. It was about four feet in length and four inches in height and in breadth. That end which he placed nearest the window was grooved to receive one-half the bulb accurately. Clamped longitudinally to the top of the box was a copper tube half-an-inch in exterior diameter, and closed, except for a pinhole sight, at the end farthest from the window. The other, or open end, was divided evenly by a perpendicular filament apparently of platinum.

Adam placed this sighted box on the green baize, its longer axis pointing to Cambridge through the window. He carefully propped up the wire-net sash. Stooping at the desk he looked through the pin-hole sight and shifted the box to his satisfaction.

"Squint along the line of sight," he said, giving place to me. I stooped and complied.

"You see Memorial Hall tower right in the line?"

"Precisely."

"But what is nearest on the Cambridge shore?"

"The stone revetment wall."

"I mean next beyond that."

"The long shed with 'Norcross & Co., Builders,' in big black letters."

"All right. Sit here and watch that shed. No matter if it blows away. They were going to tear it down any way." He placed my chair directly behind the sighted tube.

With an access of eagerness in his countenance, and something of tremor apparent in his clutching fingers, he lifted the bulb, unscrewed its metal cap and worked the tangent screw while watching the vernier intently. He was evidently screwing the basal half closer to the nozzle-bearing upper portion.

From a minute orifice in the nozzle or stem something exuded that appeared first as a tiny, shimmering, sunbright, revolving globule. At that instant he placed the bulb on its base in its niche or groove at the outer or window end of the sighted box. Thus the strange revolving globule was rising directly in the line of sight.

"Watch that shed," Adam ordered hoarsely.

I could not wholly take my eyes off the singular sphere, which resembled nothing that I have elsewhere seen so much as a focus of sun rays from a burning glass. But this intensely bright spot or mass—for it appeared to have substance even as the incandescent carbon of an Edison lamp seems to possess substance exterior to the carbon—rose expanding in an increasing spiral within an iridescent translucent film that clung by a tough stem to the orifice of the nozzle, somewhat as a soap-bubble clings to the pipe from whence it is blown. Yet this brilliant, this enlarging, this magic globule was plainly whirling on its perpendicular axis as a waterspout does, and that with speed terrific. The mere friction of its enclosing film on the air stirred such wind in the room as might come from an eighteen inch electric fan. In shape the infernal thing rapidly became an inverted

cone with spiral convolutions. It hummed like a distant, idly-running circular saw, a great top, or the far-off, mysterious forewarning of a typhoon.

"Now." Adam touched a button on the top side of the metal box.

The gleaming, whirling, humming, prismatic spiral was then about eighteen inches high. It vanished without sound or spark, as if the film had been totally destroyed and the contained incandescence quenched on liberation. For one instant I experienced a sense of suffocation, as if all the air had been drawn out of the room. The inner shutters clashed, the holland sunshade clattered, the door behind me snicked open and air from the corridor rushed in.

"See the river!" Adam was exultant, but not too excited to replace the metal cap on the nozzle.

Certainly the Charles River was traversed by a gust that raised white caps instantly. The *Coot*, a bulk-headed sailing-dory of the Union Boat Club, lay over so far that her sail was submerged, and her centreboard came completely out of water. Only the head and clutching forearms of the two members aboard her could be seen. Afterward they told me they had been completely surprised by the squall. Beyond the Cambridge revetment wall a wide cloud of dust sprang up, hiding the Norcross shed.

When this building reappeared Adam gasped, then stood breathless, his countenance expressive of surprise.

He looked down at the Odistor, pondering, left hand fingers pressing his throbbing temple. Lifting the bulb he inspected the vernier, laid it down again, put on his spectacles and once more peered intently at the graduated scale.

"I see," he said, "I was the least thing too much afraid of doing damage in Cambridge back of the shed. But you saw the wind?"

"I saw wind."

"You saw how it started?"

"I don't know what to think. It was very strange. What is the stuff?"

"Tell me what starts the whirlwind or the cyclone, and I can tell you that. All I'm sure of is that I can originate the force, control it, and release it in any strength I choose. Do you remember the chap called *Aeolus* we used to read about in the Latin book at school, he that bagged up the winds long ago? I guess there was truth at the back of that fable. He found out the secret before me, and he used it to some extent. It died with him, and they made a god out of his memory—they had some right to be grateful that he spared them. It must go to the grave with me—so far as I've reasoned on the situation. But that's all right. What's worrying me is the question—Shall I make any use of it?"

"I can see no use for it."

"What! Think again. It is the Irresistible Force. There is no withstanding it. I can start a stronger hurricane than ever yet blew. You remember what happened to Porto Rico in the tornado a couple of years back? That was a trifle to what I can do. It is only a matter of confining a larger quantity in a stronger receiver and giving it a swifter send off with a more powerful battery. I can widen the track and lengthen the course to any reasonable extent."

"Suppose you can. Still it is only a destroyer. What's the good of it?"

"What's the good of a Krupp gun? Or it's shell? Or a Mauser bullet?"

"They are saleable."

He looked keenly at me for some seconds. "Do you see that far, or do you only *not* see how it could be used as a weapon? That's it, eh! Well, I'll tell you. There's England spending six or eight million dollars a week in South Africa. Suppose I go to the Right Honourable Mr. Chamberlain. He's a practical, quick, business man—in half an hour he knows what I can do. 'What will you give,' I ask him, 'to have DeWet, Delarey, Botha, Stein and the others blown clear out to sea?' 'What is your price?' he enquires. 'Ten million pounds would be cheap,' I reply. 'Take five,' he replies; 'we are not

made of money.' 'Well, seeing it's you,' I tell him."

"It is a considerable discount, Adam. But then, you are a British subject."

"Yes—but the conversation was imaginary. Discount or no discount, I feel no call to take the field against the Boers. It's the only thing I ever disagreed with Canadians about."

"But you needn't do that. Sell your secret outright to the British Government."

Adam stared as one truly astonished. "Now what you think you're talking about?" he remonstrated. "Can't you see farther than that? Suppose I sell the secret to Chamberlain. Suppose he clears out the Boers with it. What next? Why, Ireland. It has been said time and again that England's interests would be suited if Ireland was ten feet under water. Or suppose he only blows the Irish out of Connaught, just to show the others they'd better mind their p's and q's. What then? First place, I like the Irish. My wife's Irish. Next, the world sees that England has got the irresistible weapon. There's no opposing it. Suppose France tries. Away go her cities, farms, vineyards, people, higher than Gilroy's kite. What next? All the rest of the world then know they must do what the English say—Germans, Italians, Russians, Yankees, Canadians."

"That means universal peace," I said, enthusiastically. "Free trade, equal rights, all the noble, altruistic English ideals established forever and ever. Adam, you will be remembered as the greatest benefactor of humanity."

"For putting the English on top," he replied dryly. "I can't seem to want to. Not but what the English are all right. But *my* kind of real Canadians are considerably more American than English, though they never rightly know it till they've lived here and in the old country. We're at home with Yankee ways and Yankee notions. In England we're only Colonials."

"Take your secret to Washington then. President Roosevelt will see

that you get all that you can reasonably ask for it."

"Sure — but while the Imperial microbe is lively in Washington, I will not offer the thing there. And yet my first notion was to let the United States have it—on conditions. I'd bargain they must leave Canada alone. They would boss the rest of the world, I was thinking, just the way I'll do it myself if ever I *do* make up my mind. *No* bossing—everybody free and equal and industrious—no aristocracy, except just enough to laugh at—no domineering. But I ain't seen reason lately to believe that human nature can be radically improved in any conglomeration of white folks by a hundred and twenty years professing worship of a Declaration that all men are created with equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Look at the way they've treated the Filipinos. The worst thing ever England was charged with ain't a circumstance on that infamy."

"To what Government will you sell?"

"Well, now, if I was going to sell to any Government it would be Premier Laurier's. He's about right, seems to me. If ever there was the makings of a good benevolent despot, he's the man. Says I to myself for quite a long time, says I 'I'll give it to Laurier. Of course, he will use it first thing to annex the United States to Canada. That would be good for both countries—if Laurier was on top. He'd give this Republic sensible institutions, teach 'em Responsible Government, get rid of Government by hole-and-corner committees and trusts and billionaires, and, first of all, establish Free Trade all over the continent.' That would be good for Nova Scotia, and, mind you, I'd like to do something for my native Province before I die. Think of a statue in Halifax—erected to me! 'ADAM BEMIS, BENEFactor of NOVA SCOTIA.'" Sounds kind of good, eh. Why don't I give it to Laurier? Well, he ain't in good health. He mightn't live long enough to get things running right. And he'd be sure to tell his colleagues

how the Odistor is worked—he's such a strong party man, you see. Only fault he's got. Well, now, think what happens after he drops out. Why, some man I don't admire so much, or a set of 'em, inherit the Bossdom of the world. Fielding's a good kind, but he's old. Sposen Tarte inherited the universal Bossdom. Gee-whiz! Wouldn't the world move? On the other hand, sposen Sir William Mulock did. Fine man, eh? Sure. But a 'harbitrary gent,' as the English say, by what I can make out. And then again I don't know as Canada is fit to be Boss of the world—not just yet, anyhow. Too submissive to suit my notions. By gracious, they'd be for giving the use of the Odistor to England, in return for preferential trade, or the lifting of the cattle embargo, or some such trifle. And once England got the Odistor—why, you know what I said before."

"Well, what Government will you sell to?"

"To none. France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Japan—they're all unfitter than England, Canada or the States. Once I planned to raise up the people that are down—the Poles, Greeks, Irish, Armenians, Filipinos, and so on. Then I got to fancying the Irish with power to blow everything above rock in England out to sea. Would they be satisfied with moving the Imperial Parliament to College Green, giving England a Viceroy and local councils, putting a Catholic king in Ed'ard's shoes and fixing the Coronation oath to abjuring Protestant errors? I can't seem to think they'd be so mild. What would the Poles do to the Russians, or the Armenians to the Turks, if I gave them absolute power? I won't take such risks. If I gave the thing to one nation the only fair deal would be to give it to all, big and little alike, making the smallest as powerful as the biggest, everyone with power to blow all the others off the footstool. What then? Would mutual fear make them live peaceably? I think not. Probably every one would be so afraid of every other that each would be for getting

its Odistors to work first. There'd be cyclones jamming into cyclones all over outdoors, a teetotal destruction of crops, and everything and everybody blown away at once. Wonder where they'd light?"

This question did not divert me from the main matter. "If you won't sell, how can you get any money out of it?" I asked.

"No difficulty getting money out of it. Here I am able to blow everything away—say off the British Islands, as a starter. Or, just as easily, I can roll the ocean over all Europe—except maybe the Alps—I don't know exactly how high the sea *could* be blown. What would the Government pay me *not* to do it. See? All the money Pierpont Morgan ever handled would not pay five minutes' interest on what I could raise. And me working for Mrs. Minnelly for forty-five dollars a week!"

"Resign, Adam," I said earnestly, for the financial prospect was dazzling.

"Take me in as junior partner. Let us get at this thing together."

"What? Terrorizing the nations? And you a professing Liberal like myself! No. It wouldn't be right. Anyway, I can't have a partner—you'll see that before I get through. Now I suppose that you will admit that I could get any amount of money out of the thing?"

"You have thought it all out wonderfully," I remarked.

"Wish I could stop thinking about it. I'm only taking you gradually over the field—not telling my conclusions yet—but only some of my thoughts by the way. In truth it's years since I gave up the notion of opening the secret to any nation, or to all nations. For one thing I couldn't get into any nation's possession if I wanted to. Suppose, for instance, I offered it to the Washington Administration. Naturally the President orders experts to report on it—say six army engineers. I show them how. What happens? Why, those six men are bosses of the Administration, the nation and all the world. They can't but see that right

away if they've got any gumption. Will they abstain from using the power? Scarcely. Will they stick together *and* boss? They won't, because they can't. It is not in human nature. Common sense, common logic, compel each one to try to get his private Odistor going first for fear each of the others will be for blowing him and the other four away in order to boss alone. The fact is, the moment I showed the process to any other man—and this is why I can't take you in as partner—I'd have to blow *him* straight away out beyond Cape Cod, for fear he would send me flying soon's as he saw the Bossdom in his hands."

"That seems inevitable," I admitted.

"Certainly. I can't risk the human race under any boss except myself—or somebody that I am sure means as well as I do."

"Our political principles are in many respects the same," I suggested, hopefully.

"Will you—will any man except me—stay Liberal if he has absolute power. What would you do with the Odistor anyway?"

"Get a fortune out of it."

"How?"

"Well, there's Lipton challenging for the cup again. What would he give for an exclusive gale?"

Adam pondered. "That's an idea certainly. But from the shore no one can tell half the time which yacht is which in those Sandy Hook races. Might be giving the exclusive gale to Iselin. Anyhow, it wouldn't be fair to help one side that way."

"Then try this scheme: detain ocean liners in port until the companies agree to pay what the traffic will bear."

"Gosh—you think I've got the conscience of a Railway Corporation! No, sir. But what use in prolonging this part of our talk? I have thought of a thousand ways of using the thing on a large scale, but they are all out of the question, for one good and sufficient reason—folks would lock me up or kill me if they were convinced of the power I possess. I couldn't blame

them, they must do it to feel secure themselves. The only safe way for me to get big money out of it is by retiring to a lonely sea island and advertising what I intend to do on a specified day—blow away some forest on the mainland, say, or send a blast straight overland to the Rockies and clear them of snow in a path fifty miles wide. Of course, folks would laugh at the advertisement—to say nothing of the expense of inserting it—and to convince them I'd have to do it. After that I might call on the civilized governments to send me all the gold, diamonds, and fine things I could think of. But what good would they do me? I should be afraid to let any ship land its cargo, or any other human being come on the island. I couldn't even have a cook for fear she might be bribed to poison me or bust the Odistor, and I've got no fancy to do my own cooking. What good to be boss of the world at that price? Universally feared, hated, and bound to live alone! For a while I was thinking to isolate myself that way in self-sacrifice to the general good. I thought of issuing an order to all governments to *stop* governing and just let real freedom be established—the brotherhood of man, share and share alike, equal wages all round, same kind of houses, perfect democracy. But suppose the governments didn't obey? Politicians are smart—they'd soon perceive I couldn't leave my island to go travelling and inspecting what was going on all over. I couldn't receive deputations coming for redress of grievances for fear they might be coming to rid the world of its benevolent despot. Shrewd folks ashore would soon catch on to my fix—me there all alone busy keeping ten or a dozen Odistors blowing gales off shore for fifty miles or so to keep people out of any kind of striking distance, and everlastingly sending hurricanes upward to clear the sky of balloons that Santos-Dumont might send to drop nitro-glycerine on me. Next thing some Barney Barnato would be pretending to be my sole agent, and ordering the world to fetch *him* the

wealth. How could I know, any more than God seems to, what things are done in my name?"

"Employ Marconi," I suggested; "have him send you aerial news of what's going on everywhere. Then you could threaten wrong-doers everywhere with the Odistor."

"Marconi is a good man, but think of the temptation to him. How could I be sure he was giving me facts. He could stuff me with good reports, and all the time be bossing the world himself, forcing the nations to give up to him by the threat that I'd back him and blow the disobedient to Kingdom Come. Besides, I don't know how to operate Marconi's instruments, and, if I did, all my time would be taken up receiving his reports. No, sir. There is no honest, safe, comfortable way for me to get rich out of the Odistor. I have known that for a considerable time."

"Then, why did you wish to consult me?"

"Well, first place, I wanted somebody to know what kind of a self-denying ordinance I'm living under. To be comprehended by at least one fellow-countryman is a human need, and I want your opinion on one point of conscience. Is the Odistor mine?"

"Yours? Isn't it your exclusive discovery?"

"But isn't it Mrs. Minnelly's property? I experimented in her time."

"During office hours?"

"Mostly. And did all the construction in her workshop with her materials. She supposed I was tinkering up a new attraction for the Annual Announcement. Isn't it hers by rights? She's been paying me forty-five dollars a week right along. When she hired me she told me she expected exclusive devotion to the interests of the Family Blessing. And I agreed. Seems I'm bound in honour to give it up to her."

"For nothing?"

"Well, she's dead set against raising wages. But I *was* thinking she might hoist me up to fifty a week."

"That seems little for making her Boss of the World."

"Oh, Mrs. Minnelly wouldn't go in for that. A man would. A woman is too conservative. Mrs. Minnelly's one notion is the *Blessing*. It's not money she is after, but doing good. She's sure the way to improve the world is to get the *Blessing* into regular use by every family. I don't know but she's right, too. It's perfectly harmless, anyway."

I could not but regard Adam's conscience as too tender. Yet it was fine and touching to see this old man, potentially master of mankind (if he were not mistaking the Odistor's powers), feeling morally so utterly bound by the ethics of the trusty employee. I had written hundreds of editorials designed to imbue the proletariat with precisely Adam's idea of duty to Capital. How to advise him was a serious problem.

"What would Mrs. Minnelly do with it?" I inquired, to gain time.

"She would put it on the list of attractions in the Prize Package Department."

"Good heavens! And place absolute power in the hands of consumers of the *Blessing*! Anarchy would ensue. They would all set about bossing the world."

"Not they," said Adam. "She would send out Odistors gauged to only certain specified strengths. For five half-bottle certificates the consumer gets a breeze to dry clothes or ventilate cellars. Prize Odistor number two might clear away snow; number three might run the family windmill; clubs of fifty takers of fifty bottles could win a machine that would clear fog away from the bay or the river, mornings. Different strengths for different premiums. See? It would prove a first-class attraction for the Announcement."

"Adam," I remonstrated, for the financial prospect was too alluring, "you are not required to give this thing to Mrs. Minnelly. Resign. Remit conscience money to her. Let us go into the manufacture together. You gauge the Odistors—I will run the business end of the concern."

"No. Mrs. Minnelly has the first

right. If anybody gets it she must. What bothers me most is this—will she bounce me if I tell her?"

"Bounce? Why?"

"Think me crazy. I tell you she is *conservative*. And she is ready to throw me out—thinks I'm a back number. I can hardly blame her. The fact is, I have given so much time and thought to the Odistor of late years that I haven't found or invented half enough attractions for the Announcement. Last week she gave me an assistant—a pusher. That means she is intending him to supersede me about a year from now—and yet I could invent a man with twice his brains in half the time. Sometimes I am tempted to put the Odistor on the small job of blowing him out into Massachusetts Bay. But he is not to blame for being the donkey God made him. Then, again, I think how I could down him by simply showing the thing to Mrs. Minnelly. But the cold fit comes again—what if she thinks me crazy? I lose my forty-five dollars a week and might be driven to Bossing the World. It's hard for old men to get new jobs in this country. They draw the dead-line at fifty. Just when a man's got some experience they put a boy of twenty-six on top of him. On the other hand, suppose she does consider it, and does see the whole thing? She'd see I could be her Boss any time I wanted. Now, if there's anything Mrs. Minnelly dislikes worst of all it's a bossful employee. She'd be offended at the idea of a man on her pay-list having power to blow her and the whole concern away. First thing she might do with *her* Odistor would be to put a cyclone whirling me." He sighed heavily. "Fact is I've got myself into a kind of hole. What do you advise?"

"Bury the Odistor. Forget it. Then, with your mind free, you can invent new things for the Announcement. I see no other escape from your predicament."

"I expected you to advise that in the end," said Adam, and began repacking his singular mechanism. "And bury it I will. But how can I

forget it? May be it has exhausted my inventive powers. What then? I'm bounced. It's tough to have to begin all over again at sixty-three, and me Boss of the World if I could only bring myself to boss. If I do get bounced and do get vexed, maybe I'll unbury it and show Mrs. Minnelly what it *can* do. Well, good evening, and thank you for your interest and advice."

He departed with the old, solemn, unsettled look on his honest Canadian countenance.

After that day I frequently saw Adam, but he gave me no recognition. Probably he still goes about with eyes on the ground, studying the complicated and frightful situation of a World

Power animated by liberalism and dominated by conscience. The Blessing people write to me that Mrs. Minnelly's disapproving eye is often on her old employee. They say she will soon lift The Pusher over Adam's gray head.

What will he do then? I remember with some trepidation the vague threat with which he left me. At night, when a high gale happens to be blowing, I listen in wild surmise that Adam was bounced yesterday, and that the slates, bricks and beams of the Family Blessing Building are hurtling about the suburbs of Boston in signal that he has once more liberated the mysterious globule and embarked, of necessity, on the woeful business of bossing the world.

## I CANNOT UNDERSTAND

BY THORLEIF LARSEN

O BROOKLET—silver string of Nature's lute,  
With golden moss inlaid along thy strand,  
Thou art so eloquent and yet so mute,  
I hear thy lay, but cannot understand.

O Tree—the zephyr's brazen harp of tears,  
That sadly whisperest e'er of Trouble's hand,  
My soul in dullest melancholy hears  
Thy dirge, but yet it cannot understand.

O Bird—celestial almoner of mirth,  
Thou angel sceptered with a wizard's wand,  
That makest a paradise upon this earth,  
Thy pæan's reach I cannot understand.

O Cloud—thou banner waving in the sky,  
So proudly floating o'er th' Æolian band;  
I seem to hear thy voices hastening by  
In anthems, but I cannot understand.

O Star—that rushest onward with the sweep  
Of circles—whirling in thy orbit grand,  
Methinks I hear thee whisper from thy deep,  
Weird secrets, but I cannot understand.

O Voices—countless in the starry choir,  
Whose deep-toned music rolls o'er sea and land,  
Your magic notes are winged with heavenly fire—  
My spirit fails! I cannot understand.

# AN ADVENTURE OF MRS. MACKENZIE'S

BEING A VARIATION ON A THEME OF THACKERAY'S

*By Duncan Campbell Scott*

"Oh, it's just seraphic!" says the widow. "It's just the breath of incense, and the pealing of the organ at the Cathedral at Montreal. Rosey doesn't remember Montreal. She was a wee, wee child. She was born on the voyage out, and christened at sea. You remember Goby."

"Gad, I promised and vowed to teach her her catechism; but gad I haven't," says Captain Goby. "We were between Montreal and Quebec for three years with the Hundredth, the Hundred and Twentieth Highlanders and the Twenty-third Dragoon Guards a part of the time; Fipley commanded them, and a very jolly time we had. Much better than the West Indies, where a fellow's liver goes to the deuce with hot pickles and sangaree. Mackenzie was a devilish wild fellow," whispers Captain Goby to his neighbour (the present biographer indeed,) "and Mrs. Mack was—as was as pretty a little woman as ever you set your eyes on." (Captain Goby winks, and looks peculiarly sly as he makes this statement.) "Our regiment wasn't on your side of India, Colonel."—THE NEWCOMES.—Chap. XXIII.

**G**VERY one, from the Chief Justice, who was on his way to Chambers and who had as keen an eye (the sly old dog) for a pretty woman as any one on the Bench, to Jean Baptiste, the carriage driver, gazed after the trim little figure as it flitted across the Haymarket and turned down St. James Street, in the City of Montreal. The old Justice thumped his heavy cane upon the ice and damned his eyes if he ever saw a more enchanting vision.

"That must be Mrs. Mackenzie," he says to himself, "wife of that rascal of a Captain Mackenzie, of the —th. How these officers do play the devil with the women. What difference is there between a bag-wig and a small sword and a red coat and a pair of spurs? Yet I'm dashed if a pretty girl wouldn't turn her back on the one and run after the other."

Jean Baptiste, enveloped in his bearskin coat, suspended, for a moment, the operation of lighting his pipe and grunted to himself with a sort of ursine satisfaction as he compared the yacht-like lines of the receding figure with the barge-like amplitude of his own "bonne femme."

If the latter had not that very morning denied Jean Baptiste the twenty-five sous necessary to purchase a twist of native tobacco, and if he had not

tried for the fifth time to extract a little more smoke from his already burnt-out pipe, his reflections might not have been quite so acrimonious.

While these unspoken comments were in progress, Mrs. Mackenzie—for it was indeed she, as the Chief Justice had opined—continued her course down St. James Street, pausing now and then to gaze through a shop window. She was dressed in a skirt of green cloth, closely fitted to her figure, and trimmed about the skirt and bodice with strips of Russian sable.

Her dainty head was crowned by a jaunty cap of the same rich fur, set off in a coquettish way, with the tails of the little beasts—and in her hand she carried a muff of ample depth and fullness, in which the choicest skins gave an effect of unsurpassable richness and beauty. The muff Mrs. Mackenzie handled with greatest effect, now nestling her little face in it until nothing but the arch eyes glanced out over the sable, like stars from the edge of a cloud, now holding it to one dainty ear, while her glances dropped upon the snow, only to flash up again with renewed brilliance, which they seemed to have borrowed, somehow, from the sparkling crystals upon which they had gazed. These sables and their wearer formed the subject of many a malicious comment by Mrs. Bagg, wife of Captain Bagg of the —th, who was a lady

of uncertain age and ample proportions, and whose sinister aspect was heightened by a drooping eyelid and strands of hair which reminded the beholder of that molasses candy which French-Canadian children call *l'atire*.

Mrs. Bagg averred—and with what justice we will leave our readers to decide—that if it had not been for M. Antoine Sabervois, the above-mentioned sables would never have adorned the *petite* person of Mrs. Mackenzie; that for her part she thought it a burning shame and disgrace; that there should be a law against such proceedings; that she would rather wear cat-skin than accept ignominy in the shape of Russian sables from the hand of the richest Nor'wester that ever breathed; that every one knew where they came from, and what Mrs. Mackenzie was, for every one knew what was Captain Mackenzie's pay and that he had no private fortune and was naught else but a profligate, and a wild, gambling, good-for-nothing fellow, with much more to the same tune.

Happily, we are not obliged to believe this alarming tale of Mrs. Bagg's, for Mrs. Mackenzie more than once hinted that she had a rich brother in India.

"A half-brother, my dear, Mr. Jas. Binnie, who is as rich as a rajah and as generous as he is rich, and is so fond of his little sister, whom he hardly knew, for she was an infant in arms when he went away to India—so fond of her, my dear, that he would pour out his wealth at her feet like a river if she were even to hint at the straits to which she was sometimes put on account of the way poor dear Mackenzie goes on. Even as it is, he is the most generous of brothers."

So, as it frequently happens in life, we may take our choice of the stories for the best or the worst.

Mrs. Mackenzie proceeded down St. James Street until she came to the corner of the Place d'Armes, where she turned to the right, crossed the road and went toward Notre Dame Street. At the corner of that street she paused a moment as if undecided which direc-

tion to take; then she crossed to the gateway of the seminary, and strolled toward the Parish Church, with many an attractive little feminine movement. Mounting the steps, she had soon advanced along the path and disappeared beneath the frowning portal of the church.

Mrs. Mackenzie might often be seen to seek the solitude of the great spaces of Notre Dame, and she had already attracted the attention of at least one of the fathers on his way to the confessional, and he, who had means of knowing every soul in the city, at once heard of Mrs. Mackenzie—her position and antecedents. He even heard of the Russian sables, as the old fellow who carted away the ashes from the House had a friend who was a relative of the cook at Captain Bagg's. So are our affairs inextricably involved, warp and woof, making the pattern called life, and through all flies the cackling shuttle of gossip. Mrs. Mackenzie loved the cool, deep glooms of the great church, with candles burning in the dusky chapels dedicated to strange saints, and the wall-spaces hung with glowing pictures of Our Lord's Passion. She loved the immense enclosed space, in whose altitude, it seemed, the stars might swing; she loved to watch the quiet movements of the acolytes, bound on mysterious errands, and to hear the voices of the choir-boys practising some ancient cadence in a remote chapel. If she happened to meet M. Antoine Sabervois there it was by the merest accident. M. Antoine having stepped in, devout Catholic that he was, to regulate his conscience, as he himself said, was sometimes surprised and delighted to find Mrs. Mackenzie in the first pew to the left of the altar dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, his titular saint. But that Mrs. Mackenzie had any motive in her visits to Notre Dame, you, fair reader, will not for a moment imagine.

To tell the truth, although Mrs. Mackenzie had been brought up severely under the shadow of the Old Kirk, and had been nurtured upon the ameni-

ties of the Shorter Catechism, and although of a Sabbath she attended the morning service at St. Gabriel Street, much to the spiritual confusion of many of the youths, whose eyes found her pink-gloved fingers, holding the psalm-book, more attractive than the black-gloved fingers of the Rev. Mr. Blank, she had, nevertheless, that florid and sentimental temperament which demands an outward and visible sign, and whose devotions ascend more readily upon a cloud of incense, through a groined roof and mullioned window to a heaven of glory beyond. She thrilled as the deepest organ pipes thickened the air with their immense vibration imparted even to the insensate woodwork, so that she imagined each haloed saint shaken to his inmost plaster of Paris heart, and even the radiant apostles upon the windows to respire with music and rapture. She rarely left the church, and never when she was alone did she leave it, without dipping her dainty fingers in the font of holy water placed near the door for all true believers.

From the seat under the protection of St. Anthony of Padua, where she had been rapt in meditation, she would rise, and with a genuflection before the altar, would pass, with the bearing of one newly sanctified, down the aisle, pausing for a moment to moisten her fingers at the font, and make the sign of the cross; and murmuring the few Latin words in her vocabulary with a devotional sentiment, she would seek the brilliant air and space of the Place d'Armes.

Whatever the vicious Mrs. Bagge may have said to the contrary, upon this particular morning in February, Mrs. Mackenzie had no expectation of seeing the eccentric and captivating M. Antoine Sabervois. She was aware, not by direct information from M. Sabervois himself, for that might imply a degree of intimacy in no way consonant with fact, that he was out of town, that he had gone to Three Rivers to inquire into a matter of business, and could not possibly return before a week had passed. Mrs. Mackenzie had her

information from M. Sabervois' sister, who was her dear friend, "the incomparable Adrienne," she called her. Adrienne also bore a Scotch name, as she was the widow of Captain Gordon, an officer of a Highland regiment, who had died five years previously of a fox bite, received while hunting. Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Mackenzie were quite inseparable in spirit, although divided somewhat in presence by the jealousy and violence of Captain Mackenzie, who would not hear of Mrs. Mackenzie spending an hour with Mrs. Gordon in her brother's fine house on the mountain. Now this was a sore trial to Mrs. Mackenzie, who loved ease and luxurious surroundings—and to whom the atmosphere of the Sabervois manor would have been a welcome relief after the stuffiness of the quarters, the unreasonableness of Mackenzie, and the task of keeping in order the small French-Canadian maid, who looked after the wants of little Rosey. But the captain was inexorable; to Sabervois she was not allowed to go, and so her darling Adrienne had to visit her slyly, or they had to resort to voluminous correspondence, many portions of which, I have no doubt, would have been of interest to certain inhabitants of Montreal *de ce jour!*

What was Mrs. Mackenzie's surprise, therefore, when she had barely seated herself, buried her face in her muff and glanced upwards to meet, not the benevolent features of St. Anthony of Padua, but the handsome countenance of M. Antoine Sabervois. He had stolen down the aisle softly upon moccasined feet; he was dressed in a trapper costume of buckskin, highly ornamented with figures wrought in silk and beads, which he wore from whim, as he donned many strange changes of garment, and had seated himself so silently that Mrs. Mackenzie had not been aware of his advent.

She looked up with a pretty confusion, rendered all the more attractive by the flush which spread over her face; then she hid her face in her muff to conceal her agitation, and finally

darting a scintillating glance at M. Sabervois, she said, under her breath: "Why, M. Sabervois, I thought you were at Three Rivers!"

"And so you came here to console yourself during my absence, and to say a little prayer to my patron for my safe return?"

"You men are all alike," she said; "as vain as peacocks. I am sure I was guilty of no other motive than to warm my fingers?"

"And does not your muff keep those charming fingers warm?" remarked her companion, with an accent which was certainly curious if that protection had arisen from the bounty of Mr. James Binnie. Mrs. Mackenzie merely gave him one of those arch looks from which her cavalier could take what meaning he pleased.

"To tell the truth," he said, "if it had not been for a lucky accident, I would be in Three Rivers at this moment, instead of talking to the prettiest woman in Canada; but as chance would have it, I met, half way at the inn, as we changed horses, the very man I was bound to see, and there we transacted our business, and I have just had breakfast at Rasco's."

"And now, Monsieur, you have come to make your devoirs for a safe return. I will not hinder you."

She rose and tried to pass him laughingly.

But after a quarter of an hour they had become so absorbed in their conversation, and Mrs. Mackenzie was so bubbling over with sly laughter and minor expletives of pleasure that they did not heed the approach of Father Champagne, who frowned down upon M. Antoine, whom he had known from his boyhood, and who touched him upon his shoulder as he passed to his confessional, where he was to hear the weary tale of transgressions great and small. It had become apparent to the good father's mind that Madame Mackenzie would never become a convert to his faith.

Captain Goby, one of whose favourite stories over the mess-table was that of the famous encounter between Captain

Mackenzie and M. Sabervois, had no knowledge of this *tête-à-tête* in Notre Dame. He came into the plot a little later; but he certainly saw Mrs. Mackenzie that morning leave the cathedral and trip over to McDonald's store in Muir's building opposite, for he was never done expatiating upon her beauties in his richest vocabulary.

"By gad, sir," he would say, "she was a picture, as pretty a little woman as ever you set eyes upon, and that morning with the frost making her eyes dance like Cupid's heels, by gad, sir, she was divine. Little devil that she was, too," the captain would add, with a sly wink, as if satanic qualities in a woman were to be sought after and cherished.

"It was my friend Captain Sabervois, not of Ours, you know, but a militia officer, who came to me about it. Every one in Montreal knew Captain Sabervois. By gad, sir, one of the best fellows that ever drew breath, and a merry devil at that, son of one of those old Nor'westers who made money out of skins and whose company afterwards amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company. The old Sabervois made money and the young one was lucky enough to hang onto it, although he spent it, too, like wild-fire; threw it around, God bless my soul, as if it were gravel; imported horses and bred them; used to drive down St. Paul Street with three stallions abreast, a white one in the middle and two jets on the outside, hitched to a damned rickety Russian sleigh which he had got from God knows where. Drive! it was a clear runaway from the start, *habitants' traîneaux*, tradesmen's sleighs, doctors' berlins and all the rest dodging out of the way, him touching his cap as he went, and his sister, Mrs. Gordon, not winking an eyelid, sitting by him as steady as a gunner, by gad! He had a suite of rooms at Rasco's and a house at Lachine, where many a time Sabervois, Chummy Adspeth, Allan Cunningham, McTavish and I used to drive out and play a little quiet game and back in the morning, and a regular

palace for that country, built on the mountain, where Mrs. Gordon presided. (Gordon, you remember? Of the —th Highlanders.) She seldom went to Bellevue, the place at Lachine. All that I had to do with the matter was to see Adspeth and find out what he and Captain Mack were to do the next night."

Whether Captain Goby was innocent as regards all complicity in the arrangements as he averred, we leave our readers to decide for themselves; but there was a lively rumour current at that time that he was more than interested in Mrs. Gordon, and giving this rumour weight, and adding to it the captain's love of gallantry, it would seem probable that he was more deeply involved in the preliminaries than his own confession allowed.

However that may be, (and by way of digression, gentle reader, did you ever among your acquaintances or friends meet with any one whose responsibility did not stop far short of any vital point in the catastrophe. He or she took an *important* part, of course, was *au courant* of the whole matter, but no taint or suspicion of criminality could in any way be attached to him or her! Whoever gives the gentle, disinterested little push that precipitates a fraud, a quarrel, or a marriage, can never be found!) However that may be, Mrs. Mackenzie had a visit from Mrs. Gordon that very next day, and Mrs. Mackenzie packed Marie off with Rosey, so that in their narrow quarters nothing need disturb them. There was much confidential chatter, and Mrs. Mackenzie ecstatically pronounced that it would be enchanting, lovely beyond compare, but the captain? And then Mrs. Gordon remarked that Captain Goby ("that dear fellow!" Mrs. Mackenzie interjected), had ascertained from Adspeth that he and Captain Mackenzie were going to drive over to Longueuil on the ice, that Fipley knew they were going and that if Captain Goby wanted to play out that match at Orr's he had better postpone it for a day.

"Which means, my dear, that they

will certainly not return until day after to-morrow."

This may somehow account for the parting between Captain Mackenzie and his lively wife. The former did not often leave the door with such a cheerful parting, so many kisses, such buttoning of gloves, pulling up of collars and down of caps, such wisely counsel as to precautions against colds. Truth to tell, Mrs. Mackenzie oftener complained bitterly and used her vocabulary unstintingly, and told the captain what she thought of him, which, being uncomplimentary, was therefore unpleasant. And he being departed, she gamboled with Rosey and allowed her to pull down her hair, while she rolled the small person over and pretended to bite her, when they both screamed with laughter and made as pretty a picture of innocent frolic as you could wish to see.

About an hour or so after the valiant captain's departure, Mrs. Bagg was convinced that she saw Captain Sabervois' tandem prancing through the street, and, could her eyes deceive her, or did the horses stop at the corner, and did some one jump out of the sleigh and ring Captain Mackenzie's bell, and did a figure, a female figure, closely wrapped, emerge from the house and mount beside the driver? Was the said driver Captain Sabervois himself, was the cloaked figure the fragile Mrs. Mackenzie? Was the messenger and attendant Captain Goby, the hated rival of Captain Bagg?

Mrs. Bagg could not be absolutely certain. She had an outlook only as big as her hand through the frosted pane. To leave that, and whip on her jacket and cap, would mean the loss of any information that might be gleaned from the porthole. To rush into the street without their protection would be to court the miseries of influenza, fomentations and floods of tisane. Now, if Mrs. Bagg had let well enough alone she might have enjoyed the delightful uncertainty, which was at the same time a certainty, but she was prompted to send her maid to inquire

whether Mrs. Mackenzie would be pleased to come over and have a game of backgammon with her; but she only learned that Mrs. Mackenzie had retired with a splitting headache, upon receipt of which information Mrs. Bagg fell into a confusion.

How these most singular duplications fall out in society it would puzzle the present chronicler to elucidate, but it is a certainty that at the very moment when Marie reported her mistress as being unable to enjoy the charming society of Mrs. Bagg, she was on the front seat of Captain Sabervois' sleigh, behind two of the finest horses in the colony harnessed in tandem, buried in buffalo robes, and fairly started on the drive to Bellevue.

The moon was high, flooding all the snow with clear light; the air was nimble with particles of frost; there was no cloud in the sky. Captain Goby, who, by the way, was the occupant of the back seat with the fair Mrs. Gordon, used to exult in this drive, and, in fact, in all the winter scenes in Canada.

"By gad, sir, it was sublime; we were actually whirled along to the chiming of bells. Sabervois' leader seemed to dance, so dainty was he upon his hoofs. By my side I had one of the sweetest women in Christendom. Mrs. Mackenzie kept up a chatter like a wren, we laughed and sparkled at nothing. Sabervois made a dashed good pun in English, for a Frenchman, you know, and damn me but I have forgotten it! Mrs. Mackenzie asked him, 'Did you shoot these buffaloes yourself, Captain Sabervois?' and he said something dashed good in reply."

In truth, there was never a more innocent excursion, and do not charge Mrs. Mackenzie, my dear Madam, with any of the sins you avoid so carefully. She had merely run away for a moment, as it were, from the husband who never spent an evening at home with her, who gambled, who drank much more than was good for him, who was jealous and suspicious. Be candid now, if Mr. Paragon was not the model spouse that all the world

knows him to be, if his vices were as thick and vigorous as his virtues, would you not be tempted once in a while to hoodwink his jealousy, and pay off his libertinism by some innocent prank, which might for a moment allow you to feel that you had resumed your maiden independence?

When the party reached Bellevue it had become apparent that some change in the weather was brewing, but no note was taken of such a small matter when the end of the journey was reached with the pleasant light of fire and candle pouring from the windows of the house.

It stood upon the bank of the River St. Lawrence, within sound of the famous Lachine Rapids, surrounded by groups of gnarled pear trees, as old as the colony itself.

M. Sabervois' hospitality was well known, and it was not outshone by the hospitality of a nobleman of France whose guests, under another flag and king, made the chambers ring with their mirth and jollity. Mrs. Mackenzie was delighted with everything she saw; she was shown over the old house from the vaults where the furs used to be stored, which were as strong as dungeons, to the attic, with its deep dormers and low, broad chambers under the roof. Each room was crowded with curios brought from every district of the North, from Ungava to Fraser River, trophies of the chase, and articles the possession of which made the old house the envy of continental museums.

It would be a mere cataloguing of pleasures to set down all that was said and done between nine of the clock and twelve on that memorable evening. The redoubtable Captain Goby could never remember half of it; his recollections met an insurmountable barrier at the supper, an exploit of M. Sabervois' French cook. After that affairs merely floated indistinctly in a mist of pleasure.

There was a round or two of *écarté*, of that he was certain, then Mrs. Mackenzie sang divinely to Mrs. Gordon's accompaniment upon an Erard piano,

the only one in the colony. Then M. Sabervois and his charming sister sang old French chansons to admiration. Then Mrs. Mackenzie must play a Scotch reel upon a spinet which had once been caressed by the fingers of no less a person than the Duchess de Langlois, who gave it to M. Sabervois' grandmother.

Now, if the advice of M. Sabervois had been taken, given when he heard that the wind had risen from the east and was driving the snow in clouds before it, the occurrence which made such a noise in the colony, might never have happened, and this chronicle would never have been written. But no sooner were there any obstacles or difficulties set up between Mrs. Mackenzie and home than she must needs insist upon returning to town that night. In vain were all protestations and counter propositions.

"What would Rosey do?" she appealed to Mrs. Gordon. "What would become of her darling child, left for twenty-four hours to the care of a careless slattern of a maid? How could she ever look the dear innocent in the face again if Marie should allow her to fall and break her nose, or if that odious little Hector Bagg should poke a stick into her eye? Never! She should return to Montreal even if she walked every step of the way." Whereupon, M. Sabervois ordered the horses to be harnessed at once.

After the storm was over, very early the following morning, the oldest inhabitant of the island failed to remember any such storm in his time. The roads were heaped with many feet of snow, and those running north and south were for days impassable.

Lucky it was for our party of adventurers that there was about three miles from Montreal an inn called "Les Trois Beaux Canards." When they had gone thus far, they could neither go farther nor return; there was nothing for it but to spend the night or until such time as the storm should abate at "Les Trois Beaux Canards."

The reputation of mine host, Gag-

non, and his hostelry were not unknown to the ladies, but the case had become one which was neatly fitted by the adage, "Any port in a storm."

"By gad, sir," Captain Goby would say, "we were so smothered in snow that old Gagnon was not cordial to us at all, so I thought. He was a great tun of a fellow, as big as Falstaff; I had never been to his den before (which the reader may believe or not as he chooses), but it was on the land of Sabervois, and he was damned civil when he saw who was head of our party. There was an air of apprehension about the man which was explained when he drew me aside.

"I have two of your officers, they are *bons garçons*, and they have vowed themselves to have a good time. Mon Dieu! What am I now to do with your parties?"

"So I said, 'And where are the *bons garçons* now?'"

"They are in the *cuisine au large*."

"Whereupon, like a dashed fool, I had to tell the women, and Mrs. Mackenzie laid a wager with me that it was Gibbs and Anstruther. So I went into a little pantry which opened from the dining-room and took all its light from the kitchen through some window arrangements. I had hardly taken in the scene when I heard a little scream by my side, and there was Mrs. Mackenzie, by gad, had stepped upon my chair, and then upon a broad shelf, and was looking through the window with me. We both saw the same sight. There was that damned fool, Mackenzie, had got on an apron like a kitchen wench, and in his shirtsleeves was dropping croquenoles into a pot on the hob. Adspeth, in the same mountebank garb, was turning a spit, where a partridge was roasting, and there were a couple of Marie-Louises, or whatever you call 'em, giggling around those two gay dogs of war!

"Eh, gad, sir, I thought I should burst with laughter. But Mrs. Mackenzie did not laugh, sir. She turned as pale as a cloth, with pure fury, mind you, and back she goes into the parlour. 'You've won, captain,' she

says, as cool as ice; and in a minute or two what does she do? Why, she sits down to a dashed old trap of a piano and began to warble a ballad in her best voice. The rest of the party carried it off, for they knew nothing, but I felt dashed uncomfortable, for I knew that trouble would be brewing.

"By this time those donkeys in the kitchen must have heard that some party had arrived, and like as not Mackenzie had his head out of the kitchen door listening, but madame had not got well into the second verse, 'Our Monarch's hindmost year but ane,' her voice was going as steady as a mill wheel, when in walks Mackenzie, his coat on, his apron gone, and as red as a turkey-cock. Mrs. Mackenzie stopped and turned around when she heard him address Sabervois.

"So this is the way you take advantage of my absence!" he roared. But Mrs. Mackenzie was upon him like a tiger-cat before the words were well out of his mouth. You can never tell anything about these merry women," said the captain, reflectively, "and Mrs. Mackenzie laid him out about as neatly as it could be done. It was a little family affair, and the lady forgot her manners and spoke awfully plain language.

"She tired herself out and faltered when she saw she had gone too far. Then Mackenzie came in again.

"Our quarrel we can settle elsewhere. Madame, you must come with me.' And I am damned if she didn't permit herself to be walked off and locked up. Strange cattle, these women."

With which reflection the captain would pause either to drain or replenish his glass. Captain Goby was the sole person who could or would tell this tale in after years. So far as the present chronicler could gather, it never became apparent why Mackenzie and Adspeth had changed their plans, and had not gone to Longueuil. Poor little Adspeth was drowned not long after at the Back River. Mrs. Mackenzie would never refer to it, except in the most general and euphemistic

way, and Mrs. Gordon and Sabervois had cogent reasons for not repeating the incidents of a misadventure which grew out of one of the most harmless and innocent of pleasure excursions.

Indeed, M. Sabervois was rather touchy upon the matter, and was hardly seen in Montreal for two years, as he visited some remote Posts of the Company with Sir George Simpson, and highly resented any reference to his stiff elbow, which considerably interfered with the grace of his carriage, or to his altered handwriting, of which originally he had been vain.

My fair readers will protest that these gentlemen would assuredly not be allowed to present pistols with two such interested ladies as the wife of one and the sister of the other in the company. But we have just seen one marched to custody in the picturesque narrative of Captain Goby, and when he emerged from a conference with Adspeth, Mrs. Gordon had joined her.

"My man," Captain Goby would say, "was willing to do anything in reason to prevent an ugly quarrel, but Mackenzie was bound to have blood. You see, it was no flash-in-the-pan quarrel, but one that had been growing steadily for months, and was to Mackenzie, at least, a serious affair. Sabervois, I believe, had never bothered his head over it. He was the most unthinking devil, and had like as not forgotten all about Mackenzie's threats. But now that they were face to face there was hardly the chance of escaping an encounter. Mackenzie and Adspeth were in the outer room, and Sabervois and I were in the little room with the piano. I watched him a moment through the door, and saw by the way he chewed his beard that his bad blood was up.

"You'll have to fight him," says I to Sabervois.

"Old Gagnon went from one camp to the other, tearing his hair, and talking broken English.

"Mon Dieu! Have mercy, gentlemen; do not spill your blood on this little rest house of 'Les Trois Beaux Canards.' It will be my fall-down, my

disgrace, my license they will take him away, the Bishop he will condemn my soul to hell. I am not in order; these excitements, these agitations will kill me; my great flesh is what you call unwholthy; this fat you see comes uncalled for between my meat and my skin. Why will you desolate a poor man?"

But we must leave the babble of Captain Goby for a moment in order to explain the departure of Mrs. Gordon. Mrs. Mackenzie wishing to have her for an ally, or for a comfort, or merely for a companion in her cell, had pounded on the door and made such a hullabaloo that mine host of "Les Trois Beaux Canards" was compelled to ascertain what she wanted. It was communicated to Captain Mackenzie that it was Mrs. Gordon that she wanted, whereupon Captain Mackenzie sends the key of the room to Captain Sabervois, who might, if he chose, conduct his sister to the captain's wife. Whereupon it became necessary, such is the honour of male mortals, for M. Sabervois to turn the key upon both ladies, despite their protestations, and to return it to Captain Mackenzie by the hand of his own messenger. So that whatever influence the two ladies might have had, fair reader, was neutralized by four walls and a stout deal door.

The preliminaries, in their absence, were neatly arranged by Adspeth and Goby, who were experts in such matters. The snow storm had begun to abate somewhat, and about dawn the sky was clear, except to the northwest, which showed the rear-guard of cloud retreating in heavy black masses. Although it had piled up snow upon the face of the country, the storm had deftly swept the little inn-yard as clear as a floor. In the early light of the morning which fell fresh and pure and cold upon the snow, marking the curve of mound and drift with blue shadows, the two men faced each other. It was once more the petty passions of man displayed before the grand calm of nature. Such a morning should have furnished the atmosphere for pure aus-

terities, for sublime contemplation. On high one glorious star burned between the coming sun and the receding cloud.

They stood for a moment in the keen air, bareheaded and stripped to their shirts, and with bare arms. Upon the signal, they fired, their shots ringing sharp in the tense atmosphere.

Captain Sabervois' bullet following his aim, went whistling over the roof of "Les Trois Beaux Canards," to sink harmless somewhere in the snow. But Mackenzie's weapon had been directed with a different purpose.

Captain Goby was by Sabervois' side in a moment, staunching the drop of blood from his shattered elbow, which had spattered the pure snow where he stood, with crimson drops. Gagnon, the publican, who had been peering from a crack of the door, the pallor of terror upon his face, his enormous bulk shaking like a reed in the wind, his men servants and his maid servants gathered behind him looking over his shoulders or through his arms in terrified curiosity, now rushed out and endeavoured to carry M. Sabervois bodily into the house. The captain was, however, well able to walk, and with slight assistance from Goby, regained his quarters in the parlor.

Simultaneously with the shot there was one scream which sounded faintly in the yard, and a dull shock which did not sound there at all. Mrs. Gordon had fainted suddenly and had fallen heavily upon the floor of the chamber. Whatever had passed between the two ladies has never been repeated by either, but the truth remains that from that day onward they were irreconcilable enemies, and it cost Mrs. Mackenzie no little self-denial to treat as a foe one who had surroundings so pleasant, and resources of entertainment so unlimited. But she never even made any attempt at reconciliation, and not long after, the removal of the regiment put such an effort out of her power.

It was but natural that Mrs. Gordon should suffer much trepidation at her brother's danger. Mrs. Mackenzie, beneath her merry exterior, had an un-failing resource of courage, and al-

though she was sensible of her share of the responsibility in the *dénouement*, and had a double anxiety in that her husband and her friend were each in danger, she never blanched, and Goby always said that it was her promptitude which extracted the party from an untenable situation.

"Here we would have been packed into a little ten-by-ten box of an inn, for God knows how long, as the roads in that colony are sometimes blocked for days, and, as you may imagine, it would have been cursedly unpleasant, if it hadn't been that she insisted on going back to Montreal, forced Mackenzie to get two pairs of snowshoes, and started off with him to walk the three miles over the drifts, like a brick that she was. At first, you know, Sabervois would make light of his wound, and would hear no word of a doctor, but after an hour or so of agony he let one of Gagnon's men go to the city. He had hardly started before Dr. Bruneau walked in, red in the face from his tramp on snowshoes. (It was two days before the roads were broken, and we could get to the city in our sleighs.) He confided to me afterwards that it was Mrs. Mackenzie who rushed into his office just as he had seated himself at breakfast, and besought him to walk out to "Les Trois Beaux Canards," and save Captain Sabervois, who was dying of a wound received in a fight with Captain Mackenzie.

"Yes, she plumped out the whole story, she knew she could trust Bruneau, and there was no time for lies that morning. Sabervois was not dying of his wound, but he was damned uncomfortable, and showed it, too. With all her faults, the little Mackenzie

was a trump in those days, damn me if she wasn't!"

It was with a lively curiosity that Mrs. Bagg beheld Mrs. Mackenzie, who over night, she had been informed, was sick of a headache, and Captain Mackenzie, who was, so Bagg had assured her, gone upon an excursion to Longueuil with that desperate Adspeth, walk peaceably and unitedly down the street, the captain with two pairs of snowshoes over his broad back!

It was long afterwards that she heard the details of the story seriatim. They came to her bit by bit as a child makes up a picture puzzle, but it was not until the fate which shakes us like dice in a box had thrown her together with one of those same handmaidens of "Les Trois Beaux Canards," that she found as it were the key-block which completes the picture.

Then if her mind could have groped into the past so far she might have found some explanation for a matter which had always puzzled her, viz.—the total disappearance after a certain date of the sable furs which had once heightened the beauty of Mrs. Mackenzie.

The present historian, who, of course, knows everything, might repeat an exclamation of Mrs. Mackenzie's to Marie about the same sables which the willing handmaiden was offering for the adornment of her mistress.

"Ugh, take them away, there is blood on them!"

Which, the reader may justly reason, was a curious instance of feminine inconsequence, if the said sables had come through the bounty of Mr. James Binnie.

## SUN-KISSED

BY KATHARINE H. McDONALD JACKSON

THE meadow raised to greet the sun  
A face with dimples brimming over,  
And where he lightly kissed each one  
He left a blush of sweet pink clover.

# DE POLITIQUE ON ST. MARTIN

## A STUDY OF HABITANT CHARACTER

By J. A. McShane

*Marche! Charlé! Marche!*

Hello! Hello! Baptiste, where you gone hon?

Woa, Charlé! Woa.

Ah, yes, Louis, *comment ça va?* I was gone hon de market for sell de patack. Got big load too.

Have you got your *tabac* wit you, Baptiste?

*Certainement*, fill hup your pipe; good *tabac*. *Quesnel and Rouge*, Louis.

Ah yes, Baptiste, she's burn well, and good *arome* too. Grow dat youseff?

Surely. Well, wat's de news, Louis?

Oh well, ev'ryting is well wit me, plenty hay and vegetable *en masse*, and good *prix* too, can't complain at all. How does it go, you, Baptiste?

Pretty good. How your family, Louis?

*Premiere classe*, tank you, my waf was sick little while, but he's gone get hup to-morrow.

What! Annoder one, Louis?

Oui, M'sieu—fine garçon, 10 pounds. How your family, Baptiste?

*Tres bien merci*, Louis. For why she's ring dose bell on de church?

You din' hear de news?

No, of course. I don't live your village.

Well, I tell you dat, dose bell is ring because, dis morning, Louise Leblanc she's Madame Joe Belaire!

Madame Joe Belair, Louise Leblanc? *Certainement*.

How is dat, Louis? I was tink dat marriage was all break it hup two tree year ago?

Yes dat is correck.

For why dey don't make marry de first time?

You din' hear dat?

No.

Well, I tell to you. Dat's hon *dix-neuf cent* (1900), de time of de 'lection on St. Martin. My waf, dat is little cousin wit de modder of Louise, she tole me dis. You see, dat Joe Belair

she was a *Bleu Conservateur*, and Louise he was a *Rouge Liberal*, and Louise, *vous savez*, she want for play de boss a little, like all dose young peep, before he's marry. Perhaps he tink dat's de las' chance he got, and he say to Joe Belair, "Now, Joe, I s'pose you gone vote for M'sieu Laurier," and Joe was shake de head and say "I'll be 'fraid I don't vote on dat man," and Louise respond, "Joe, you love me?" and Joe, she tell it, "Yes, very moch." "Well, if dat is so, Joe, for why you dont vote for Laurier?" and Joe tell him, "I can't change my *politique*," and Louise got mad and she come very red on his face and she speak to Joe very angry, "Well, M'sieu Joe Belair, if you don't want change your *politique* I dont want change my name at all. I tell you good bye, and for your love, she dont wort a cent." And so, like dat, de marriage was break it hup. Joe was take him very bad when de 'lection was over. She commence for drink and play de card and gone de devil quick, and Louise, she come thin and pale and sick off his heart—so sick dat he's modder call for de Docteur Bedard, and de docteur she tell de modder "Madame Louise is break his heart. I tink she's gone hon de consumption." When de ole man Leblanc hear dat, all she can say is "*Sapre le politique*." Madame Leblanc was very sad and he talk to Louise and ask it for forgive Joe Belair, but all de time Louise is respond, "If Joe Belair was love me he was not conduct like dat. I dont want marry at all." De modder of Louise is gone see de *Curé*, and de *Curé* is gone see Joe Belair for try to make him *promesse* she gone vote *Rouge Liberal* on de nex' 'lection, but it was no use at all because you see, Joe was one of dose *Conservateurs* so *bleu* dat you never can wash him hoff.

Joe she tell de *Curé*, "M'sieu le *Curé*, dats no use for *promesse*. I can't change my *politique*. My *politique* dat's my *principe* and de *principe* dat's de *honneur*. Surely you dont want me for loss dat." De *Curé* she's see it was impossible for change Joe Belair, and after dat de modder is gone see de *Curé* again and de nex' week de *Curé* is come see Louise. She speak many time and long time wit Louise and after little while Louise is give his consent and so, like dat, dis morning dey was make marry and I tink dey will be very happy. Don't you tink so, Baptiste?

Yes, I hope dey will be ver' happy. But, look you, Louis, I don't onderstand how de *Curé* was change Louise like dat when his modder is not make de success wit him. How you hexplain dat?

Well, I tell you. It was like dis: She tell Louise, "*Cher Louise, mon enfant*, take my good counsel and marry Joe Belair. You know she's love you strong wit all his heart and you know very well you love him also —perhaps too good for him, but give your consent, and I will ask de *bon Dieu* for bless your marriage. I will pray to God for you. I will pray dat you may have a large fam'ly. I will also pray dat your family will be all boys, and den, you see, Louise, you can raise dem hup to vote for Laurier —if she don't change his mind. And so, like dat, she's marry Joe Belair.

Ha! ha! ha! Louis. Begosh, dat's a very good story. Gedup, dere, *Charlé*. *Avanc donc la*, we be late for de market. *Bonjour*, Louis.

*Bonjour*, Baptiste. *Bon voyage*.

## ST. SMITH'S DAY

### A STORY OF CANADIAN CHEESE

By Isaac Landman



THE same man who traded his horse because the other fellow thought that "mine is ze bettair un," is yet searching for the date on which Smith was canonized. But horse-trading and a knowledge of church history are two different things, as Prudhomme will testify.

Prudhomme is an unsophisticated habitant, an alderman in St. Agathe des Monts, French-Canadian Quebec, "the country of large churches and small houses." His home is in one of those sainted, straggling, mountain villages where the cattle graze peacefully on *Rue Principale*, and the swine grunt away unmolested by the roadside, fully contented. The chief occupation of his fellow-citizens is blasting and hauling large boulders from their so-called farms, trading horses, smok-

ing vile Canadian tobacco, and, for a change, carrying milk to the *fromagerie*.

The cheese factory is the standard of rural French-Canadian prosperity. So many quarts of milk make so many loads to the cheese factory; so many trips mean so many *sous* which, properly taken care of, will bring food and a certain amount of comfort for the poor habitant during the severe winter, while the proprietor of the factory hies himself to the pleasures of Montreal.

John Penwick Mather, of Haverhill, Connecticut, was studying statistics with a view of finding a new field for the operation of his boundless intellect which was not backed by capital. One day he had a revelation. It was revealed to him that the cheese industries of French Canada, combined and worked by Yankee ingenuity, should

prove to be a small bonanza in the Laurentian Mountains. Acting upon this revelation he at once proceeded to St. Agathe des Monts, determined to show the world how the finest export cream Canadian cheese can be manufactured from properly doctored milk.

But John Penwick Mather did not know that French-Canadian cows stopped producing milk during the fall and winter; that they were fed only to be kept alive until spring, because two cents a quart for milk make fodder for beast or man a luxury. Nor did he know that even his Connecticut French could not persuade the habitants to feed their cattle properly so that the factories could be run full force all winter.

It so happened, therefore, that by the end of October our enterprising Yankee found himself with several well-ordered cheese plants, with many demands for cheese, but without milk and without money. Mather needed a small sum to get back to Yankeedom, there to push his contemplated cheese trust. So he poured his predicament into the ears of his friend Prudhomme, who had had a prosperous summer via Mather's cheese factory. Prudhomme sincerely sympathized with the struggling trust magnate, and loaned him \$540. In return he received from Mather ten shares in the new cheese combination and a note promising to pay back the loan "on St. Smith's Day."

Prudhomme felt that he had acted nobly. He knew that he was now a shareholder in the greatest combination of industries the world had ever known—according to Mather. So he joyfully drove the American promoter and economist to the train; and while Mather sped away to New York the unsuspecting habitant returned two and a half miles to Trout Lake, there, in the cottage of Ernest Belisle, his future father-in-law, to discuss his good fortune with his loving Josephine.

Now Prudhomme could blast a boulder, milk a cow, trade a horse or smoke "ze clay pipe" as well as the next man, but he could never distinguish

between Saints' Days and ordinary church-going holidays. To his mind, going to church was going to church; a saint was a saint whether it was Smith or Agathe. So he waited for the arrival of St. Smith's Day and his money, neither of which came.

He went to the village priest, only to find that Smith was never canonized by the church. He made a pilgrimage up Cavalry Hill to the cross of St. Agathe. At the foot of the sacred memorial to the saint of the village he poured out his heart, but he received no inspiration with reference to St. Smith. Prudhomme was in a sad plight. Not only had he lost \$540, but he had displayed his ignorance of his faith; he was the laughing stock of all the farmers for miles around; and, worst of all, Belisle told him in unmistakable terms that a man who permitted himself to be defrauded out of such a sum was not the man he wanted for his buxom Josephine.

That was a hard winter for Prudhomme; but spring brought with it John Penwick Mather. His floating of the new trust had brought no results as yet. He needed every available cent for advertising purposes, and was hard pushed for the necessary cash with which to start his cheese factory for the season. Mather did not deny that he owed Prudhomme the money. In fact, he swore by all that was sacred that he would pay him—on St. Smith's Day.

To manufacture export cream cheese out of doctored milk is a well-paying industry in the hands of a clever man. Mather had five factories going, and during the summer he waxed fat. Then, like Jeshurun, he kicked. He thought that Prudhomme was too persistent, too presumptuous, in pressing his worthless claim, and he vowed that no cash would be forthcoming. So Prudhomme went to Court.

Mather was in the States and his representative ordered the court to draw on him at the Bank of Montreal when the note came due. The court was powerless. Here was a man who admitted that he had borrowed certain

sums; who was ready to pay the debt on the day when the note came due—but the note came due on a day and date which could be found in no calendar.

Mather's cheese trust was meeting with great success. Those who were looking for quick returns poured their good dollars into the treasury of the "Canadian Cheese Corporation." Indeed, Mather was progressing towards wealth. The truth was that he never intended to rob poor Prudhomme out of his money. His Yankee sense of humour simply urged him "to play a while" with the simple habitant. Mather built himself a summer home on one of the lakes near St. Agathe, and engaged Prudhomme as one of the labourers. Every nail the poor fellow drove into the building pierced his heart, for in every plank he saw ten cents of his own money.

One October day, while guiding a party of Montrealers on a hunting expedition through the bush north of St. Agathe, Prudhomme related his tale of woe to Joseph Pesah Minkoosky, along whose side he happened to be walking. Minkoosky, as his name would signify, was a Pole of the Jewish faith, whom oppression had driven to Canada to seek a new home and new fortunes.

While peddling trinkets north of Montreal, he once came across Prudhomme, who had never before seen a real live *juif*. Seeing that a Jew was like all ordinary men, Prudhomme befriended the immigrant who, at that time, could speak neither French nor English. Now that he could speak both, and that he was a leading attorney and politician in Montreal, Prudhomme looked to his former beneficiary for assistance. But he went about it in the wrong way, for he simply offered to sell Mather's worthless note for ten dollars. He played his cards well, however, for on the return trip he pointed out to Minkoosky the house which the unscrupulous Yankee had built with the money he received by fraud.

Minkoosky smiled—either at the

naiveté of the habitant or at the shrewdness of the American.

"All right, Prudhomme," he said; "I'll give you the ten dollars; but you had better hang on to the note as a souvenir, you know."

But that night, lying in Prudhomme's bed, Minkoosky thought long and hard on St. Smith's Day. He reasoned the thing out thus: "If a Yankee can sell wooden oats, a Pole ought to be able to make horses eat them." He turned over on the other side. "If J.P.M. of Connecticut can canonize Smith and make him a saint, surely J.P.M. of Quebec ought to find a day for him on the church calendar." He drew his knees up to his chin and smiled at the idea. "I'm right. Of course I am. If Mather, Shylock-like, craves his bond and stands for law, then I see no reason why Minkoosky should not help him turn the tables, become a Daniel come to judgment, an entirely new brand of the species Portia."

Having delivered himself thus and having declared himself right, the weariness of the days' hunt came upon him. He thought a while about church history and the church holidays; then he smilingly fell asleep and dreamt of a reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, in which Mather and Prudhomme agreed upon a minimum tariff on cheese.

Early next morning Prudhomme ran to the parish house for the church calendar. Minkoosky began to turn its leaves from the back, as if he were reading a Hebrew book. Hardly had he perused five pages when he slammed the calendar on the table.

"Prudhomme," he said, excitedly, "when is the next sitting of the court?"

"Las' part o' zis' month."

"Your note is worth \$540, Prudhomme. I'll hand you the money myself in November."

But Prudhomme had lost faith. He spelled out every word in the calendar and found nothing which even sounded like St. Smith's Day. To ease his conscience he gave part of Minkoosky's ten dollar present to the church

and returned the calendar. Then he went to work on stone blasting and stone hauling to replenish his defrauded exchequer, that he might regain the heart of Ernest Belisle and the hand of his daughter Josephine.

Court day came. The news that Prudhomme was again to push his case against the rich American, as Mather was now called, attracted all the neighbouring farmers to the courtroom. Prudhomme had said that he was sure to win, and every one wanted to be present at the discovery of St. Smith's Day.

Joseph Pesah Minkoosky was there for Prudhomme and John Penwick Mather was there by the side of his attorney, to answer for himself. Mather brought with him five large rolls of new one dollar bills amounting to \$540, which he intended to hand over to Prudhomme after his little joke had been fully played.

Mather's face showed his pleasure when he heard the court's words. "The court is extremely sorry that under the law nothing can be done for the plaintiff. It would be time wasted again to argue the case. It is without precedent of any kind. Until the church have designated one day as St. Smith's Day, the note can never come due. For the present, then, the case must be thrown out."

"Your lordship!" Minkoosky arose. "I beg to prove to your lordship, be-

yond the shadow of a doubt, that the church does include St. Smith in its calendar."

The court and the audience were dumfounded. Did this Jewish attorney know more about Catholic Saints than the faithful and devout of the church?

The death-like silence presaged the explosion of a bomb. Minkoosky, smilingly, slowly, tantalizingly, pulled a church calendar from his inside coat pocket. He turned the pages as if he had an infinity of time, while eager faces were turned towards him, and bulging eyes hung on his lip.

"Your lordship!" Minkoosky was cool, deliberate, thoughtful, as if he were in a church council weighing the evidence on which Smith was to be canonized. "This year's church calendar states explicitly that on Saturday, November the first, is All Saints' Day. *All Saints' Day*, your lordship. This includes St. Smith. I claim—"

"The dinner's on me," cried Mather as he ran across the courtroom and shook Minkoosky's hand.

So Prudhomme got his money with interest, and that night reclaimed the heart and hand of the buxom Josephine Belisle and of her far-sighted pa.

On the evening of the following day J.P.M., Connecticut Yankee, and J.P.M., Polish Canadian, discussed "the cleverness of some people" over a hot bird and a cool bottle.

## LOYALISTS OF THE REVOLUTION\*

By A. C. Casselman

THE study of the Loyalist side of American Revolution has become a favourite one with the younger professors of history in the colleges of the United States. That these writers have an audience in their own country is sign that the people of the United States think they have arrived at a stage of national security and liberal-

ism of thought which permits a measure of truth concerning the men who opposed the Revolution. At the time when Sabine ventured to write of the Loyalists it was sacrilege to say anything that was not in accord with the writings of Franklin, of John Adams, and of Samuel Adams, the fomenters of the Rebellion, and consequently his

\* *Loyalists of the American Revolution*, by Claude Halstead Van Tyne. New York: Macmillan Co. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

work was severely condemned. At a later date Professor Tyler's utterances, though more favourable to the prescribed Loyalists, met with less opposition, and when two years ago Professor Flick, of Columbia, wrote of the Loyalists of New York his work was everywhere spoken of in the highest terms. The book of Mr. Van Tyne, recently published, has met with an enthusiastic welcome.

In the first chapter the author shows the feelings of the parties in Boston and New York by quotations from letters in the periodicals of the time, which is an indication of the large amount of research that is so evident throughout the book. Two great truths are emphasized by the author. He says, "The American Tory granted that things were not as they should be, but maintained that the wrong did not justify the bitterness of the opposition;" and again, "It must always be borne in mind, however, that content with the old order of things was the normal state, and that men had rather to be converted to the Whig or Revolutionary views than to the Tory or Loyalist position."

There was no difference between the two parties regarding the abuses under which the Colonies laboured, but the cleavage was on the method of correcting these abuses. Time has vindicated the adherents of the constitutional method, but the success of the rebels of the period has enshrined them as patriots and saviours of their country. The victors persecuted the constitutionalists and drove them beyond the confines of the States. For refuge the latter came to the sparsely settled colonies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Upper Canada and there implanted firmly their doctrines. Thus the insane desire of the victors to crush the Loyalists was the means of building up another country with monarchical institutions.

The whole story of the Loyalists is told in this book. If a descendant of the Loyalists were to write as strongly as Mr. Van Tyne does in the chapters on "The Inquisition," "Under the Ban or

the Law," "Reconcentration Camps," "Charged with Treason" and "Expatriation," he would escape the bodily harm that his ancestor probably suffered, but he would not escape the censure of hundreds of his fellow-countrymen who would accuse him of perpetuating a quarrel that was settled a century and a quarter ago. And yet the author does not exaggerate. For every statement of the outrages suffered by the Loyalists the authority is cited, and this authority is not always a contemporary Loyalist one, but very often the record of a Whig committee reporting progress. To quote, p. 295, "Confiscation still went on actively; governors of the States were urged to exchange lists of the proscribed persons, that no Tory might find a resting-place in the United States, and in nearly every State they were disfranchised, while in many localities they were tarred and feathered, driven from town and warned never to return. In the South the Tories fled for their lives, and a few of the bolder ones who attempted to return to their homes were warned, then attacked, eight being murdered and the rest fleeing from the country." Such was the treatment of the non-active Loyalist or those who were not active rebels. The active Loyalists, those who joined the British forces, Mr. Van Tyne places at 50,000, New York alone furnishing 15,000. What their fate would have been had they been foolish enough to return to their property and homes is not hard to conjecture.

In the Appendix A is given, "A Declaration of Independence by the Loyalists," which appeared in *Rivington's Gazette* Nov. 17th, 1781. It is a parody on the Whig Declaration, and shows admirably the defects of the Congress Government. The analysis of the Test Laws passed by the (Whig) Legislatures of the Thirteen Colonies during the Revolutionary war, given in Appendix B, is exceedingly valuable for reference.

The author's style is easy, logical and scholarly.



# Current Events Abroad

By  
John A Ewan

IT is not improbable that before these sentences come under the eye of the reader, the extraordinary events which occurred in the royal palace at Belgrade in the early hours of the 11th of June, will have been crowded out of the public mind by subsequent events. The duration of the sensation depends very much on the action of the neighbouring powers. If the sequences of the murder are calmly acquiesced in,

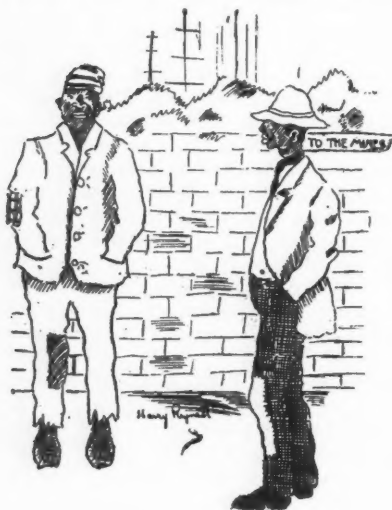
one of the foulest crimes of modern times will soon have vanished into practical oblivion. It is an event which shows how thin is the partition between anarchy and law, and how short a step back it is from the conventional to the natural man. It is one of the boasts of civilization that the whole of its powers are ready to be exerted in defence of the life of the meanest citizen. And yet we need feel no surprise if the deliberate butchery of half-a-dozen of the highest personages in a realm, including its hereditary ruler, goes wholly unpunished, so far as human justice is concerned.



There is not an incident to relieve the blackness of the events, unless it be the courage of that one officer who gave his life rather than allow the assassins to get at the master whom he had sworn to serve. They had equally taken the same oath, and if there was a deeper depth of villainy it was that of the officers about the palace who were in the conspiracy and gave up the keys with which they had been entrusted. Another episode which leaves a stain on human nature was the decoying of the Queen's brothers out of their house on the pretence that they were wanted to take part in a convivial meeting. This could only be done by those whom the young men believed to be friends. With a throne founded upon the blackest treachery and the foulest murder, the new Prince of Serbia is not to be envied. He has denied all previous knowledge of the intentions of the revolutionists, but he is quite prepared to accept what has been placed at his disposal by such dark and perfidious means.



The most optimistic of us must feel abashed in presence of this crime.



AVERSE TO WORK

1ST KAFFIR—"ULLO, GOING TO WORK?"  
2ND KAFFIR—"WORK! NOT IF I KNOW IT.  
WHAT D'YE TAKE ME FOR? A WHITE MAN?"  
—South African Review

With what hope and wonder did we open the door of the new century! Looking back over the hundred years that we had left behind there was a general agreement that it showed to advantage as compared with any other equal period of the world's history. Of the advancement in material things and the arts of life there could be no question, and there was likewise ground for hope that man in the aggregate had grown saner, steadier and higher. The forward look into the future as the new century dawned was therefore hopeful and expectant. And here, at its very threshold, we have enacted near the birth-place of European civilization a deed that can only be matched by the evil days of the Byzantine Empire, when every wearer of the purple walked to the throne through maiming or murdering his predecessor. Red buskins were part of the insignia of the Emperor, and not without significance. But it was fondly hoped that we had left these bloody days a thousand years behind us, and that they could never more be reproduced on the earth. And now, on the threshold of a new era for which such high hopes were entertained, we have an event as bloody and barbarous as any ever enacted within sound of the bells of St. Sophia.



A most discouraging feature, too, is the manner in which the event is to be treated by all concerned. The attitude of Austria and Russia will be that nothing will be said if the successor of the murdered Alexander is a prince satisfactory to these powers. A war in the name of justice might be defended, but one over a dynasty or succession is the most indefensible of all wars. It may



ABDUL HAMID—"The civilized world protests. These outrages against humanity must stop!"—*Chicago News*.

be regarded as fortunate, therefore, that both nations seem to be united on the person of Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, the head of the House which has disputed with the House of Obrenovitch, to which Alexander belonged, the throne of Serbia. We have compared this terrible event to those that prevailed in the Eastern empire from the sixth to the tenth century. But there are actually circumstances in the earlier age which proclaim a loftier courage in those at least who were charged with the guardianship of the moral interests of the people. When Michael Palæologus blinded the young Lascaris and stole his throne, Arsenius, the aged Patriarch of Constantinople, immediately challenged him for his crime, and, mighty though he was, excommunicated him, maintaining the deprivation for three years despite the pleadings and intrigues of the usurper. Will the present head of the Greek Church take similar measures against the murderers of Alexander and Queen Draga? It is to be feared that the modern



"THE DOOR IS OPEN"

—Harper's Weekly

church is less independent as well as less powerful for good or evil than it was at the close of the first thousand years of Christianity.



The statement is made that the Serbian people approve of these crimes. We can have no surety of that unless there were some means of getting a free expression of opinion from them. This there will not be, as a Skuptschina summoned in a few hours can hardly be regarded as coming direct from the people. It is whispered that the popular feeling favours a republic, but we may be sure that the Austrian and Russian influences will quickly stifle any yearnings in that direction. The two big neighbouring powers have already made up their minds as to what the ultimate fate of Serbia will be. In the general division of the Sultan's dominions, which is impatiently looked forward to, Serbia will undoubtedly fall to the lot of Austria. Geographical position will settle this, although the Serb is a Slav, and will be as uneasy in his mountainous fastnesses as the Croat and others of Austria's Slav subjects.



We must not be surprised that Mr. Balfour preserves an open mind as to preferential tariffs, and allows his colleague, Mr. Chamberlain, to express his open preference for them. He exercised that privilege himself when he was leader of the Commons in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. It will be remembered that on one occasion in a public speech he made a declaration in favour of a Catholic University for Ireland, an exceedingly controversial subject, and one on which some of his colleagues would differ with him absolutely and bitterly. The license he allowed himself he is disposed to allow to Mr. Chamberlain. He treats

the question of a preferential tariff as if it were an academic one. There can be no doubt that the consideration of it was forced on the Colonial Secretary's attention by Germany's excluding Canada from the benefits of the minimum tariff because we had determined to give admission to British goods on lower terms than those of any other country. And no matter what one's fiscal creed may be it will be generally admitted that the Germans by their action thrust Great Britain into an invidious position. Just reflect on the situation. Germany finds one of her best markets in the British Isles. She gains admission to it as freely as to her own domestic marts. German markets, on the other hand, and especially the markets of German colonies, are carefully guarded against an undue invasion of British goods. When a British colony, however, imitates this policy Germany blusters and inflicts a punishment upon the offender. It was certainly a course calculated to excite the resentment of any high-spirited country no matter what its fiscal theories or how true or irrefutable they might be. There is a conduct on the part of foreign powers that should be

challenged, even if in doing so a nation inflicts a measure of inconvenience or loss on itself. A gentleman may have his silk hat spoiled in repelling an attempt to tweak his nose, but the sacrifice may be well worth enduring if the tweaker and others that might be tempted into the same conduct are taught that they cannot act in that way without suffering for it.



It is quite evident that Russia has determined to do what she likes on the Asiatic seaboard of the Pacific. She may appear when challenged to yield to the protests of other powers, but she only recedes at one point to advance in another. Restraining her is like the connecting of misfit stovepipes—when you think you have succeeded at one side you find it has only been accomplished by an outward bulge on the other. The latest difficulty is her aggressions in Korea. For some time Russians have been felling trees in the forests at Pengma. Several Russians also took up their residence at Yongampho. Against both of these facts the Korean Government protested. The Russian Consul at Seoul, the Korean capital, has curtly replied that the tree-cutting is done under the lumber concessions of 1896, and that those, therefore, who are carrying on the work, must be protected by the Korean Government. This reply was soon followed by the arrival of 200 Russians at Yongampho. The Japanese are greatly exercised at this later development, and anyone who observes by a glance at the map what the occupation of Korea by a strong hostile power would mean to Japan, can easily understand the occasion of their concern. It needs no prophet to predict that a conflict between Russia and Japan for dominancy in the East is unavoidable. Russia is determined to gain a firm footing on the Pacific opposite the shores of Japan, and the latter is just as determined that this must not happen. Will the little people be assisted in resisting Russia's en-

croachments by Britain and the United States?



In the meantime Russia has internal troubles of no small magnitude. Her finances are in bad shape. Railway construction, chiefly for military reasons, has far outrun the commercial needs of the Empire, with the result that there will probably be a deficit as between railway income and expenditure of 84,000,000 roubles in one year. Increased prosperity and the growth of the Empire may quickly change this state of affairs, but to do so peace is necessary. Whether it can be maintained in face of the ambitious designs in Asia may well be doubted.



Tolstoi has been giving his opinion of the management of his country in a letter to a correspondent who asked his opinion of the Kishineff massacre. "But what I felt most deeply," he says, "was horror at the criminals who were really responsible for all that had occurred, horror at our government with their clergy who keep their people in a state of ignorance and fanaticism, and with their bandit horde of officials. The outrages at Kishineff are but the direct result of that propaganda of falsehood and violence which our government conducts with such tireless persistence. Its attitude towards these events is only one more proof of their brutal egoism, which does not flinch from any measures, however cruel, when it is a question of suppressing a movement deemed dangerous to themselves, and of their complete indifference (similar to the indifference of the Turkish Government towards the Armenian atrocities) towards the most terrible outrages which do not affect their interests." This language fits also the attitude of Russia towards the murders at Belgrade. The spectacle of this brave old man uttering these words within the dominions of the mightiest and most absolute despot in the world is one of the signs of the times.

# WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By

M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

THE announcement that we are to have Lord and Lady Minto with us for another year has been received with delight. The regard and affection which their Excellencies quickly won from the Canadian people seem, if possible, to increase with every month of their stay amongst us.

When the hour of departure comes at last their Excellencies will be able to carry away with them not only the best wishes and good-will of Canada, but the gratifying consciousness of having performed countless good works which shall live after them.

Had Lady Minto done nothing else, the Cottage Hospital scheme, which Her Excellency not only devised, but has already successfully put into effect, would entitle us to hold her ever in remembrance. At the tenth annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada, recently held in Toronto, Lady Minto did the conference the honour of delivering before it an address, explaining the Cottage Hospital idea and giving a brief account of the work already accomplished. The subject is one of such vital importance that permission to publish in *Woman's Sphere* a part of this address was asked of Her Excellency, permission which was graciously and readily accorded. We quote the following interesting paragraphs:

"About three years ago His Excellency and I, while travelling through the Northwest and British Columbia, visited a good many hospitals in the larger towns, often finding patients in

these hospitals in a very serious condition, owing to the fact that they had been taken ill, or had had some accident, far away up country where no medical relief was forthcoming—they had waited so long and suffered so much in reaching the nearest town, the case either ended fatally or else the patient recovered with a stiff arm or leg which would prevent him from earning his livelihood in the future.

"The possibility of using a Victorian nurse in these outlying districts had often been discussed, but the difficulty of covering the required distances made it impracticable, and the conclusion was arrived at that small cottage hospitals placed in convenient centres would be the only means of alleviating suffering and distress and rendering the life of the settler in these outlying districts less formidable by bringing within measurable distance the medical assistance which hitherto had been beyond his reach. With this view the Lady Minto Cottage Hospital Fund was started, and it seemed a fitting suggestion that these hospitals should be erected in memory of our beloved Queen Victoria, whose death we were then deploring, and who throughout her long reign had showed such a keen interest in the well-being of all her people. The Lady Minto Cottage Hospital Fund has so far reached about \$26,000.

"From this sum eleven hospitals have been substantially aided, most of these being in the West. In Manitoba: Dauphin, Shoal Lake and Swan River;

in British Columbia: Vernon, Revelstoke and Kaslo; in the Territories: Regina and Yorkton; in Ontario: Fort William and Thessalon; in Nova Scotia: Pictou. Grants have been promised to Red Deer, N.W.T., and North Bay, Ontario, and in both places it is hoped that these hospitals will be completed now that the spring allows the building to begin again.

"The good done by this fund has been very great indeed. Localities have been carefully chosen so as to spread their benefits as widely and as wisely as possible. Local efforts have been fostered and encouraged so that hospitals have come into being much sooner than would have been possible without assistance from this fund.

"The Victorian Order has been much helped also. The nursing has been supplied through it, and thus many interesting and attractive spheres have been thrown open to nurses anxious to prove worthy of such promotion from the ranks of regular district nursing.

"Several of these hospitals have organized themselves as training schools for probationers chosen from their own localities. It is intended that at Revelstoke Indian women should be taught so as to nurse among their own people afterwards.

"In many cases, too, it has been found that the district nurse in a town has been the precursor of a hospital, and the Central Board of the Order has had to help during the first year or two to defray the expense of the nurses in new districts. The difficulty we have to face is how to meet the expenses which the growth of the Order entails.

"I am extremely anxious before I leave Canada, to raise, if possible, an Endowment Fund realizing \$5,000 a year. Half of this sum will go towards the machinery of the Order connected with the hospitals and nurses. The



HER EXCELLENCY LADY MINTO

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN RECENTLY IN TORONTO BY  
GEO. E. GOOCH

other half will be given towards the erection of some hospital in one of the needy districts. The country is developing so rapidly the demand for these hospitals must increase. No man can be expected to bring his wife and children to settle in a district beyond the range of medical aid. If we can raise the required sum enabling one hospital to be built each year, we shall be doing a public service.

"Toronto has already contributed the magnificent sum of \$51,000 to this fund. Montreal has given \$36,000, and the subscription list in Ottawa is about \$7,000 and is daily increasing.

"As I have to-night the opportunity of speaking to delegates from all parts of the Dominion, I should like to suggest committees being formed in different towns to collect small subscriptions of say a dollar or fifty cents. We still need \$30,000—would it not be a satisfaction for all classes to feel

that they are giving what they can afford to relieve the lot of others who are not in such fortunate circumstances as they are themselves, but who are doing a great work in helping to develop this vast Dominion? Ladies, I leave it to you to do what you can to assist this splendid scheme."

There is one burning question of the day of which every housekeeper, wille, nil-he, is forced to know something. It masquerades under various titles, perhaps the most general being "The Domestic Service Problem," and it is pressing itself upon the attention of men and women in every country where mistresses and maids may be found.

It was, therefore, only to be expected that such an organization as the National Council of Women of Canada should feel impelled to come forward with some suggestion as to its solution.

The suggestion, which came from the Toronto Local Council, was put before the annual meeting of the National Council in the form of a resolution which, summed up briefly, was a proposal to establish an "Order of Home Helpers," and in connection with it a training-school in which the Home Helpers should be taught, and which, when they graduate, should bestow upon them a certificate or diploma.

The idea in itself is a good one, but unfortunately the ladies who drew up the resolution fell into one very serious and regrettable error.

In these days, when untrained and incompetent young women, presuming on the present scarcity of female labour of all kinds, are arrogantly demanding the highest wages for the most unskilled and inefficient work, a training school for domestic servants is sorely needed and, if properly conducted, should receive the heartiest encouragement and support from every housekeeper and householder. But the women who drew up the resolution state that they were moved to do so by a consideration of the present widespread

notion that domestic service is not an "honourable profession," and that those who engage in it have no "social standing." Indeed, inspired by this thought, the projectors of the training-school idea first chose for their order the felicitous title "The Honourable Order of Home Helpers," believing that the title of "Honourable" and an engraved certificate would either give their possessor "a social standing" or prove so attractive to her that she would willingly waive for their sake her objection to "serving" in any capacity. Happily, it was decided to drop the *Honourable*, substituting for it, I believe, *Alexandrian*.

In the discussion that followed the reading of the resolution, most of the speakers seemed to be possessed of the same idea—the dire necessity for raising the social standing of domestic servants. Indeed, in my opinion, the "servant question," as we are called upon to face it to-day, would never have reached its present proportions, might, in fact, never have arisen at all, had it not been for the deplorable amount of nonsense that has been spoken and written upon the subject in recent years by well-meaning but misguided philanthropists, and space-writers at their wits' ends for some fresh topic.

One speaker, in dwelling upon the high calling of "the general" and the nobility of "the sisterhood of service" asked dramatically if it were not as *honourable* to be a Home Helper as a trained nurse. One might as well inquire if it is not as honourable to be a drain-digger as an architect! Decidedly, no service is *dishonourable* but bad service; yet the social standing of a trained nurse is hers not because she is a trained nurse, but because it was already hers by virtue of her birth and breeding before she ever saw the inside of a hospital, and it is only in recent years, since the ranks of trained nurses have been largely recruited from the educated and refined classes, that the profession of nursing has either honour or status. When the nursing sisterhood was composed



PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH  
A GARDEN PARTY AT STANLEY BARRACKS, TORONTO, IN HONOUR OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES,  
LORD AND LADY MINTO

of Sairey Gamps and Betsy Prigs, a nurse's "social standing" was an unknown quantity. The girl who becomes a cook or a housemaid has exactly the same status in society as she had before she assumed her domestic duties. If she were a lady before, she remains one; if she were an uneducated, unrefined girl of the working class, she remains so, unless, indeed, her new environment and association, with the help of a patient and painstaking mistress, wear off a little of her native roughness and uncouthness.

As to the statement that it is owing to the odium which attaches to it, that girls turn their backs upon domestic service to flock to factories and shops, it is hard to support this argument in the face of the wailing that comes to us on every side from manufacturers and employers of all kinds of female labour, who declare that it is impossible to get the number of women and girls they require to carry on successfully their various enterprises. Milli-

ners, dressmakers and ladies' tailors voice the same lament. The fact is, that for some reason unknown, at least to the present writer, there is at the present time a great dearth of all classes of working women.

The founding of an order whose avowed purpose is to demand for its members social recognition from their superiors, will not add to the ranks of domestic servants, but will only unsettle and make more undesirable those we already have.

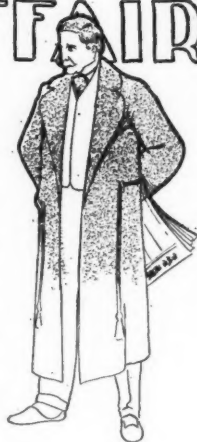
The training-school scheme in itself is most excellent, and if, through it, girls can be made to understand that competency and efficiency are as necessary in their calling as in other professions, and that only the skilled workwoman is entitled to high wages, the school will without doubt become widely popular with employer and employed, and will go far towards solving, with satisfaction to everyone concerned, the vexatious Domestic Service Problem.

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



ANOTHER dramatic and operatic season is drawing to a close and, so far as Montreal and Toronto are concerned, the event is not to be lamented. Ninety per cent. of the plays which enter Canada at Montreal and pass out again at Port Huron or Windsor are pernicious and harmful. The play and the player emanating from the vice hotbeds of New York under the supervision of the theatrical syndicate are speaking generally a menace to moral progress.

NATIONAL THEATRES.



These plays reflect the mad rush for wealth and the unholy love for pleasure and licentiousness which is bred in great cities, and which is essentially the characteristic of New York. In no other city of the world,

not excepting Paris, is vice so general, so brutal, so inartistic, so unafraid. As is New York, so is New York's plays and players. Nor is the influence of London upon the American stage a moral force. Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her plays have a higher art, but a similar degeneracy. Sir Henry Irving and Willard must be excepted from the general condemnation.

That greatest of all United States moral journals, *New York Life*, in summing up the season, enumerates among the praiseworthy musical comedies "Everyman," "The Country Girl," "The Darling of the Gods," "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "The Little Princess." Mrs. Fiske's much tooted "Mary of Magdala" is pronounced meretricious and sensational. Beyond the musical comedies, there is nothing new worth mentioning even in condemnation. *Life* laments the decline of dramatic art which it ascribes to "an uneducated public and the commercial managers who naturally prefer the patronage of the masses to the approval of the critical few." Speaking of the musical comedies, the writer says:

"Comedy is a word with a fairly definite meaning, and these conglomerations of poor verse, cheap wit and vulgar allusions are not entitled to its use. With few exceptions they



SIR CHARLES RIVERS-WILSON

President of the Grand Trunk Railway System

are not musical in the real sense. They depend for success largely upon the display of the female human form divine and upon pleasing audiences who either cannot or will not enjoy anything which makes the slightest demand upon the intellect. It might be thought that with the lavish patronage these pieces enjoy there would be a market for libretti and scores showing brains and originality, but the reverse seems to be the case. Each new one is worse than its predecessor and panders to a less educated taste."

And Canada tolerates this degenerate art with great complacency. Even the newspapers, soothed with advertising and free tickets, fail to raise a protest against the filthy productions which masquerade as operatic and dramatic excellence. Nor has there been any attempt to found a national drama which shall be concomitant in its development with a national literature and a national art. There should be a people's theatre in Montreal, in Ottawa and in Toronto which would be served by Canadian artists presenting Canadian musical festivals, musical comedies and dramas which would be national in aim, artistic in character and educative in influence. Germany, Austria and other European countries have built national theatres for this very purpose, so that there is example and precedent for this important reform.



Sir Sandford Fleming's attempt to bring journalism and the universities into closer touch has been productive of a dozen essays on the subject, one of which appears in this issue. The attempt is creditable to Sir Sandford and to the late Principal Grant who, in the last few weeks of life, arranged the details of this prize competition.

These two men were closely associated for thirty years. In 1871 Sir Sandford was appointed engineer-in-chief of the Pacific railway surveys. In the following years he went across the continent to locate the route, and with him went George Monro Grant. Sir Sandford established the practicability of building a railway from Montreal to Vancouver, and Mr. Grant wrote the first really national book,



SIR SANDFORD FLEMING  
Chancellor of Queen's University

"From Ocean to Ocean." In 1877 Mr. Grant became principal of Queen's University, a position which he held until his death; in 1880 Sir Sandford became the chancellor of that institution, a position which he still holds. Sir Sandford and Principal Grant also became advocates of a Pacific cable and of closer relations between the Colonies and the Motherland. Sir Sandford was president of the Royal Society in 1888; Principal Grant held the same office in 1891. Sir Sandford is a man of deep religious sentiment, and this was one of the chief characteristics of Principal Grant.

From these and other facts one might draw interesting conclusions. Of this, however, there can be no doubt, both are entitled to early position on Canada's honour-roll of great men. Principal Grant's light still shines though he has gone from us; Sir Sandford's towering figure still moves among us, though bowing slightly to the onslaught of the years, and his vigorous mind is still revolving schemes for the welfare of his fellow-men.



Ask any Canadian which country, Great Britain or the United



HON. RICHARD MCBRIDE  
The new Premier of British Columbia

States, is increasing its trade fastest, and the answer will  
PESSIMISM give the credit to  
AND CARNEGIE. the United States.  
Canadians do not  
see British periodicals but purchase  
three million of United States periodicals  
annually. Hence they know little  
of Britain and much of the United  
States.

As a matter of fact, Great Britain's  
trade still stands at the top of the list,  
and is still equal to that of Germany  
and the United States combined, popu-  
lation considered. Mr. Warren, a  
prominent British writer, gives the fol-  
lowing analysis in the May *Contem-  
porary Review*:

For twenty-five years the United  
States has stood at the foot of the list,  
and there she stands to-day. And yet  
magnanimous Mr. Carnegie sheds  
sympathetic tears over Great Britain's  
approaching downfall, and says to the  
people of the Little Isles: "Better re-  
concile yourself to your destiny." This  
is the same Mr. Carnegie to whom the  
cities of Canada are erecting monu-  
ments.



The instability of Provincial Govern-  
ment in British Columbia is said to  
have been due to the fact that politics  
in that Province  
PARTY GOVERN- were not based on  
MENT IN BRITISH partylines. Prem-  
COLUMBIA. Tier Turner was  
dismissed by the  
Lieutenant-Governor in 1898, and Mr.  
Charles A. Semlin succeeded him with  
Mr. Joseph Martin as Attorney-Gen-  
eral. The latter's conduct finally led  
to his expulsion, and he retaliated by  
defeating his colleagues in the Legis-  
lature. Mr. Semlin was then dismissed  
and Mr. Martin became Premier. He  
appealed to the people and was de-  
feated; he resigned, and was succeeded  
by Mr. James Dunsmuir. This was  
in 1900. Last year Mr. Dunsmuir re-  
tired, and the reins of government  
were placed in the hands of Lieut.-  
Col. E. G. Prior, a former federal min-  
ister. He has recently been defeated,  
and his successor is Richard McBride,  
who was Minister of Mines under Mr.  
Dunsmuir. Mr. McBride has formed  
a Conservative Ministry, and will ap-  
peal to the people on straight party  
lines. The Liberals will oppose him  
under the guidance of a committee,  
the election of a leader being post-

AVERAGE OF FOREIGN TRADE

PER HEAD OF POPULATION

	1875-9			1880-4			1885-9			1890-4			1895-1900		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
United Kingdom...	15	10	4	16	8	6	14	17	10	15	10	2	16	3	11
France .....	8	1	6	8	14	9	7	16	1	7	19	4	8	3	9
Germany .....	7	9	1	6	16	11	6	14	11	7	4	11	8	1	1
United States .....	4	18	8	6	1	6	5	0	9	5	10	11	5	3	2



LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR MORTIMER CLARK ADDRESSING THOSE PRESENT AT THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT TO GENERAL SIMCOE, THE FIRST LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF UPPER CANADA—TORONTO, MAY 25TH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH

poned until after the elections. It remains to be seen whether the change will be productive of good. In Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec, party government has long been recognized, and could not now be abolished, so firmly do the people believe in its efficacy. If the Government of British Columbia becomes more stable, the administration of the affairs of the Province will no doubt show a much-needed improvement.

Canada should not forget her debt to John Graves Simcoe. He commanded the Queen's Rangers throughout the Revolutionary War, and was a member of the Parliament which passed the Constitutional Act of 1791—which gave Canada representative institutions. As a consequence of that Act, he—whose name was already dear to the United Empire Loyalists—became the first

Governor of the newly erected Province, Upper Canada. In 1792 he reached the Province and was received with joyous and hearty greetings. He inaugurated the new Government in a church in Kingston on July 8th, 1792, and shortly afterwards left for Newark, the first capital of Upper Canada. Here, on September 21st, the first Parliament of the Province met. In 1793 he transferred the seat of Government from Newark to Toronto, and at once set about opening a road from Toronto to Lake Simcoe—the famous Yonge Street. In 1794 he was made major-general. In 1796 he was transferred to St. Domingo.

For several years the Ontario Historical Society have been preparing to erect a monument to his memory, and success crowned their efforts last month. The statue is by Walter S. Allward and was unveiled by His Excellency the Governor-General.

*John A. Cooper.*

## NOTES ON CANADIAN BOOKS

FOR the first time in its history, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE confines its notices to books written by Canadians or by those who have chosen Canadian themes. That such a course is possible, indicates intellectual progress on the part of the people, and an increased interest in Canada as a nation.

"A Detached Pirate,"\* by Helen Milecete, is a series of letters written by a divorced woman living in Halifax to a friend in England. She has come from London to Halifax to be a female pirate, to be young and frivolous again, to escape from the Past and the memories thereof. She gains admittance to the civil-military society of that place and has a glorious time until her divorced husband turns up. Complications ensue. The characteristic of the letters is the brightness of them. They sparkle with fun and humour. Helen Milecete is a Cana-

\* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Illustrated.



HELEN MILECETE

Author of "A Detached Pirate," etc.

dian woman whose life's experiences have not been confined to Canada. Her present residence is Halifax. This is her second book, the first being "A Girl of the North."

"Bubbles We Buy"\* is a Nova Scotian tale by Alice Jones, author of "The Night Hawk," for Alice Jones and Alix John are one and the same person. This story is a serious piece of work which brings Miss Jones close to being the leading woman novelist of Canada. The plot is well conceived with an originality modified by the history of Nova Scotia's fishermen and ship-captains. For Nova Scotian's sons have sailed the Spanish main, touched the fringe of the slave trade and made fortunes during the time of the Civil war. One of these died the richest man in the Province, leaving his wealth and his sins to be borne by his children. The story is magnificently told with a style which is open to little or no criticism, and with a worldly knowledge of men and destinies which distinguishes the genius whether statesman, churchman, litterateur or artist. Miss Jones has seen the tragedies and foolishnesses of life with an exceptionally wise pair of eyes and the folly of our worldly striving is expressed in the title she has chosen for this work, "Bubbles We Buy."

"A Rose of Normandy,"† by Wm. R. A. Wilson, is a tale of the French régime in Canada, that stirring period whose pathetic story has not yet been more than half told. It is a tale of swords, of adventure, of varied and thrilling incident, with La Salle, De Tonti and others as the chief characters—with Colbert and His Most Christian Majesty in the background. De Tonti is the hero whose love of Renée, "The Rose of Normandy," furnishes the motif of the book, but La Salle's adventures furnish the warp and woof of the plot. Even if partial to Canadian stories, the reader may safe-

\* Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.

† Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

ly pass this tale by, even though it furnishes as much amusement and stimulation as the ordinary historical romance.

Another Canadian historical novel is "Jason-Nova Scotia,"\* by P. W. E. Hart, who writes smoothly rather than wisely. There is little art in this novel, though there is certainly some history.

There are two among the new books of the month which should receive attention from the peacefully inclined Canadian. They are alike in their modesty and in their honest striving after artistic and literary excellence. "A Glimpse into My Garden"† is a bit of honest work by a Canadian woman who signs herself "Thorn-apple." A life in a country printing office has not given her many opportunities, neither has it clothed her with artificiality. Her verses ring with sweetness, naturalness and artless simplicity. "The Papers of Pastor Felix,"‡ by Arthur John Lockhart, are the work of a mature scholar, the prose-writing of a well-known Canadian poet. The papers are nine in number, the devout musings of a natural man with natural thoughts. He makes the spirit of Spring say:

"I love the wilderness; it is my home. I steal harmlessly into quiet dwellings; I wander over old battlefields, hover above the cataracts, crown me with wreaths of pine and maple, track the raftsmen down foamy rivers, and the voyagers into the Far West. I leap with glad children and dance in groves with light-hearted maidens; I haunt many places, from the prairies to the lakes and the Laurentian River, but I build my house among green leaves. I am the Canadian Muse, banished from my native country and wandering down to the Acadian lands, to the shores that answer to my beloved hills and forests. ...."

And this is Pastor Felix's explanation—and those who follow his footsteps in a reading of his pages will share his love of the good and the beautiful, his admiration of and content with the simple life.

\* New York: The Bibelot Bros. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

† Thorold: The Thorold Post Printing Co.

‡ Toronto: William Briggs.



ALICE JONES

Author of "Bubbles We Buy," etc.

Last year Mr. Morang announced the publication of an "Annual Register," and did issue one volume, edited by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S. Owing to the decisions of fate and the makers of Canadian law, the second volume is issued by Mr. Hopkins under the name "The Canadian Annual Review."\* It would have been much better, if legally possible, to label it "Annual Register, Vol. II." Such a title would have indicated stability and continuity. As to the contents, as was said of the first volume, the arrangement of the subjects and the general character of the work are excellent. As a work of reference it is far and away superior to anything ever attempted in this country. It is judicial, encyclopædic, and not too diffuse, and must prove very useful to the man who desires to preserve the best information of the year and yet is unable to keep a file of

\* Toronto: Annual Review Publishing Co. Illustrated



\* MISS THOMPSON (THORNAPPLE)  
Author of "A Glimpse Into My Garden"

newspapers or a scrap-book. It is even better than the scrap-book, because it is well arranged and admirably indexed. It is dignified and free from the advertisements which mar so many of the Canadian books of reference. Mr. Hopkins' dignified efforts should be appreciated.

"Anne Carmel," by Gwendolen Overton, is a story of French-Canadian village life. Anne and her brother Jean, a *curé*, live with their mother in St. Hilaire. Anne falls in love with Harnett, an Englishman, who comes to the region on a fishing trip. The author has brains enough to raise her novel above the dead level of modern uniformity.

"The Call of the Wild," by Jack London, is a Klondike story, the central figure in which is a St. Bernard dog named Buck. Buck's hard experiences are but exemplary of the

desperate, vigorous, primeval life of the Klondike region since the discovery of gold and the consequent inrush of adventurers.

"Trapper Jim," by Edwin Sandys, a writer of whom Canada has reason to be proud, is a book for boys, small and great. Mr. Sandys tells them many useful and interesting things about trapping, camping, swimming, drawing, shooting, fishing, sparring and preserving the skins of wild creatures. He loves the outdoors and makes others love it more.

"Camping and Canoeing," by James Edmund Jones, (Toronto: William Briggs) is a work similar to that of Mr. Sandys' but narrower in conception and less comprehensive. It is, however, a splendid little volume for the boy who goes out to spend a summer among the lakes, islands and rivers of the newer parts of the country.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "Quebec" will be ready in the autumn.



EDWYN SANDYS  
Author of "Trapper Jim," "Upland Game-Birds," etc.



# IDLE MOMENTS

good Christian men who passed over.  
But were my friend in his present state  
of mind to cross the boundary I fear  
he would constitute an exception."

D. A. S.

## RELIEVED

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk. "I have written a poem," she began.

"Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate.

But she calmly resumed, "I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—"

"Oh!" interrupted the editor, with extraordinary sauvity, "you don't know how greatly I am relieved. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper, and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn, I'll stop and read the poem."—*Tit-Bits*.

## SELECTIONS

A young lady one Sunday left behind her in church her prayer-book, in which was written the following:—

A bunch of flowers, a book or two,  
A little billing, a little coo,  
A little coming and going till  
They go to church and say "I will"—  
And that ends it.

On the following Sunday, on her taking up the book, she espied written underneath her lines the following effusion, possibly the work of some wretched married man:—

Young lass, you're wrong—you surely are;  
You worked that rhyme just one too far,  
It ends right there? Oh, no, it don't!  
For coming home, she says "I won't."  
And that ends it.

## AN ANECDOTE OF DAVID MILLS

WHILE the late Hon. David Mills could not be spoken of as a speaker of unusually ready wit, he was yet not to be heckled with impunity. His return blow, though not quick, was sure to strike the right spot, and strike hard.

Several years ago, when Liberals made blue-ruin speeches and blamed all ills the country is heir to, even to wire-worm and dry weather, upon the Conservative party and the iniquitous National Policy, Mr. Mills was addressing the electors of Kent County in this usual strain. He was showing that the exodus of young Canadians to the United States was assuming alarming proportions, the cause of this exodus being, of course, the villainous N.P. "How many, think you?" said Mr. Mills—"How many young Canadians have during the past year found it necessary to seek homes and employment in a foreign country. How many do you think?" From the back of the hall a very emphatic Conservative voice replied, "Not a damned one!"

"My friend," continued Mr. Mills, "has told us that not a damned one of our young Canadians crossed the International Boundary during the past year. It may be that my friend is right. It may be that they were all



NOT LIKELY!

PORTER (at junction where all change for Glasgow, Perth and Paisley): "Are any of you here for Perth, Paisley, or Glasgow?"

Train moves off.

OLD LADY: "I was for Glasgow myself, but I wasna going to tell yon speirin' body."

—Windsor Magazine

"Papa," said the little boy, looking up from his book, "what is a curio?"  
 "A curio," replied the father, thoughtfully, "is something that costs ten times what it's worth."

A member of a Sunday school was one day asking some children questions on Bible knowledge. So far as as he had gone the children did very well, but when asked:

"Where does the word 'holy' first occur in the Bible?" the children could not answer for a minute or so, till a sharp urchin stood up and said:

"Please, sir, on the cover."

A Frenchman went to England to learn English, and the following sentence was given him:—

"The rough cough and hiccough plough me through."

The teacher told him the second word was pronounced "ruff." He thereupon said this:—

"The ruff cuff and hiccuff pluff me thruff."

"No, no; the third word is pronounced 'koff.'"

"Then," said the Frenchman, "it must be 'The roff coff and hiccuff ploff me throff.'"

The fifth, sixth, and eighth words were explained with the same result, which the reader may repeat for himself.

"Yes, I consider my life a failure."

"Oh, Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?"

"I spend all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes; but the food disagrees with me, and my clothes don't fit."

HE—"Your mother will surely forgive us, won't she?"

SHE—"Mother! Why it was mother who suggested my running away with you!"

HE—"Your mother did! How could that be?"

SHE—"Well, you see, mother thinks your family isn't quite as good as ours, and so she suggested our running away, in order to have some excuse for making the best of it."

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## WHY JULY 1ST IS DOMINION DAY

FEW people know why July 1st is Dominion Day, the general idea being that this was the day on which

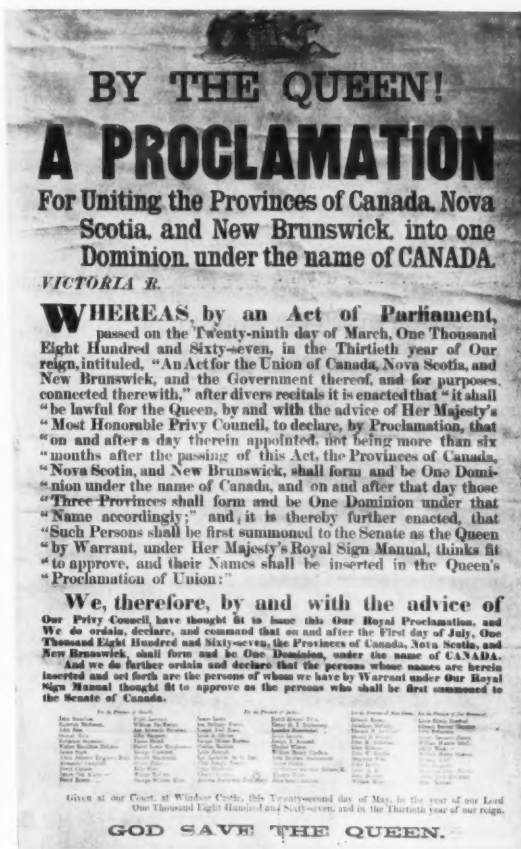
the B.N.A. Act of 1867, uniting the Provinces, passed the British Parliament and was given the Royal assent. This is not so, however, as the Act was signed by the Queen on March 29th. Another explanation must be sought. Clause 3 of the Act reads as follows:

"It shall be lawful for the Queen, by and with the advice of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, to declare by proclamation that on and after a day therein appointed, not being more than six months after the passing of this Act, the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick shall form and be one Dominion under the name of Canada; and on and after that day those Three Provinces shall form and be One Dominion under that Name accordingly."

In this clause, it will be noticed, lay the power to appoint a "Dominion Day"—two words prominent in this part of the Act. But who would advise Her Majesty as to the day and date? Who would tell her the exact day on which everything would be ready for the Confederation?

Sir John Macdonald (then Hon.) was in Eng-

land at the time the Queen signed the Act, as was Lord Monk, Governor of Canada. Both were taking leading parts in the Canadian drama being en-



THE PROCLAMATION WHICH MADE JULY 1ST, 1867, THE FIRST DOMINION DAY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JARVIS, OTTAWA



J. D. MCKENNA

The only soloist who has sung before the House of Commons with the Speaker in the Chair, and the Mace on the Table.

acted in London. In a note to Lord Monk on April 5th,\* Sir John speaks of several matters requiring attention and says:

"The day from which the union is to take effect must be inserted in the proclamation, and I would suggest Monday, the 15th of July, as a convenient day for that purpose. I do not think the Provinces can be united sooner, as the preparations for consolidating and amalgamating the different departments, administrative and legislative, must take a considerable time. These must all be completed before the day of the union, so that the whole machinery of government may be set in motion without delay."

Nevertheless, Sir John did better. He was entrusted by Lord Monk with the work of forming the first Dominion Ministry, and he returned to Canada early in May. Good progress apparently was made, and on May 22nd the Queen issued a proclamation which made July 1st, 1867, the first Dominion Day. A copy of that proclamation is reproduced herewith. It will be noted that the names of the first Senators are inserted. This was provided for by clause 25 of the Act. In a letter from Sir John Macdonald to Lord Carnarvon, dated January 30th, 1867, he says:

\*Memoirs of Sir John A. Macdonald, Vol. I., p. 390.

"With respect to the constitution of the Senate on its first formation, we propose that the names shall be settled by the Governors of the respective Provinces with their councils. . . . It is suggested that the names should be inserted in the proclamation concerning the Union. I can now say to you what I could not well say at the meeting yesterday, that any immediate nomination would be prejudicial to the existing Governments in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Legislatures of both these Provinces meet in March, and if the list were settled now, every man in the Upper House of both these Provinces who is omitted, rightly or wrongly, would vote against the Government."

This is a nice side-light on the patriotism of our politicians! Sir John apparently understood them extremely well.

#### A FAMOUS SOLOIST.

There is only one man in Canada who, though not a member of Parliament, has sung a solo in the House of Commons at Ottawa during a sitting. On the evening of May 28th last, an accident at the power-house cut off the electricity which lighted the chamber. The Speaker was in the chair, a minister was speaking, the House was all attention, when darkness arrested proceedings. Tallow candles were soon brought in and a solitary coal-oil lamp was found. But these were not sufficient to lighten the intellects of the members, and they proceeded to indulge in songs and choruses. Up above the Speaker's chair, in the press gallery, sat a long row of idle scribblers. Among them was one man with a sweet and well-trained voice. After a time this young man dared, what no man had ever dared in Bourinot's day, to raise that voice in song. It was a love-song, and over the House came a calm, for all men are lovers, whether members of Parliament, members of the press gallery, or weary watchers in the gallery. The song was sung, the members applauded heartily, and again the lights shed their lustre over prosaic members and onlookers, but the name of J. D. McKenna had been added to the list of Canadian heroes.

## REST AND REFINEMENT

On the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday, 1900, when a most successful patriotic carnival procession, in aid of the relief funds, during the South African war, was passing through Bloomsbury, two Canadians, on their first visit, were peculiarly impressed with such a spectacle in London, happening too, right in the heart of the big city and on a day always so loyally celebrated in the Dominion. For the crowds having dispersed, there loomed up before them the recently constructed imposing edifice the Hotel Russell, so centrally situated, occupying one side of and facing the gardens of Russell Square, the largest in central London. Bloomsbury has always been a residential region, a district of fine open squares, particularly favoured by American and Canadian visitors, it being so near the great thoroughfares of Oxford Street and Holborn. Its history is connected with many interesting characters, Shelley, Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, Sir Thomas Lawrence and many other celebrated personages resided at one time here; assuredly no healthier and more convenient location could have been selected by the Frederick Hotels Company for the erection of the latest of the sumptuous modern hotel palaces, in the most open portion of Central London, away from the din of the ceaseless traffic, yet within quite easy reach of the principal shopping and fashionable centres, or the banks and the city. Russell Square is almost equidistant from the depots of the railway systems to the north or south of England, within a shilling cab fare of the leading places of amusement, adjacent to the main omnibus routes, a few minutes' walk from the British Museum, the national storehouse of



HOTEL RUSSELL, LONDON, ENGLAND

treasures and antiquities, with its unequalled collection of manuscripts and celebrated library. It is handy to the "tube" Museum Station of the electric railway, which is just at the head of the new thoroughfare now being constructed from the Strand to Holborn, happily named the "King's Way."

The Hotel Russell, a grand structure of red brick and terra cotta, with beautiful colonnades and balconies in the German Renaissance style, stands towering above the neighbouring houses, entirely isolated, thus securing immunity from fire, while a most perfect system of protective appliances is installed in the building, seven different staircases being available for speedy exits. Overlooking the capacious garden area of the Square, most of the windows command splendid views over London, either towards the Crystal Palace to the south, or the heights of Highgate and Hampstead to the north. Amid these surroundings the colonial traveller finds a real restful home after continuous journeyings, or the round of sightseeing and excitement in the busy city, for the internal arrangements of the Russell are perfect in every particular. It has been furnished throughout in lavish style, with exquisite taste and every consideration for ease and refinement. Entering from the Grand Marble Hall the public rooms, on the ground floor, so commodious, are most conveniently arranged; Reading and Writing, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, wainscoted in oak, decorated and furnished in recherche manner, all grouped around the central spacious Winter Garden and Palmarium, certainly the most striking feature of the Russell.

Here the growing importance of the social element of hotel life has been well studied, for



WINTER GARDEN AND PALMIARIUM



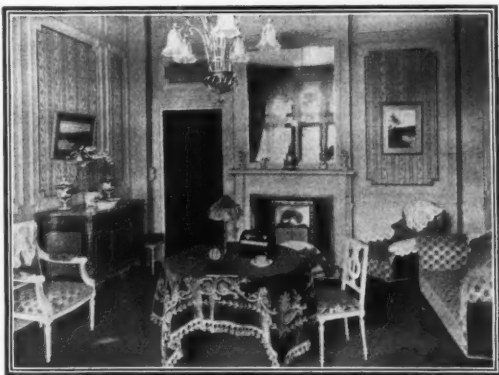
TABLE D'HÔTE ROOM

this elegant lounge, the largest in London, has become a favourite rendezvous of fashionable society, an excellent orchestra performing here daily. The floors of this luxurious foyer are laid in red and white marble, covered here and there with rich Turkey carpets, well provided with cosy chairs and settees, and adorned with palms and choicest tropical plants. The entire hotel is remarkably well lighted and ventilated, the Table d'Hôte room being especially bright and cheerful, finished in the French Renaissance style, with a frieze of large mirrors reflecting the Winter Garden and its Terraces. The frontage of the south side of the hotel is occupied mainly with a handsome Restaurant; its appointments are superb, the lower part of the walls is lined with warm-coloured marbles surmounted by a beautiful panelled frieze, the room being divided by two rows of marble columns, and at the end a large canopied fireplace, above which hangs a master-piece of a notable Royal Academician. There are a number of smaller rooms set apart for the use of private luncheon and dining parties, while the culinary arrangements are under expert supervision, the cuisine is unsurpassed, the cellars stocked with wines of the best vintages and the tariff moderate, taking all things into consideration. The large number of suites of rooms so tastefully furnished and decorated, with such charming outlooks, make the Russell a desirable place of residence. A great variety of single and double bedrooms, in nearly all cases with bathrooms attached, can be secured from a trifle over a dollar per diem. In every detail of general organization the Russell Hotel is thoroughly up to date, its hygienic conditions and sanitary arrangements are of the highest order;

everywhere the health and comfort of its guests have been most carefully looked after. It contains elevators to all floors, airy lavatories throughout, with modern fittings; hair-dressing saloons for ladies and gentlemen; a first-class laundry. Here also off the Grand Hall are Kiosks for flowers, cigars and cigarettes, newspapers, etc., railway and theatre ticket offices and bureau de change, with private messenger service to all parts of the metropolis. There are storage rooms for baggage and bicycles, private carriages or motors can also be supplied, and special terms made for a sojourn at any of the Frederick group of hotels at the health and seaside resorts for week ends or longer periods, as desired.

Arriving at Liverpool or Southampton, and coming on direct to the metropolis either for business or pleasure, or both combined, within six hours of stepping off the Atlantic liner, it is possible to be quite comfortably settled in the Russell House. Contentedly replenishing the inner man, either in the table d'hôte room or Russell restaurant, and adjourning through the corridor to the delightful Winter Garden over a *café noir* and fragrant Havana, one can read the very latest transatlantic intelligence from the "ticker," at the same time enjoying the strains of Strauss or Wagner; then sallying forth betimes to renew business acquaintances, perchance "fix up" some important deal in the City; to notice with interest the radical changes that have taken place, the vast improvements that have been made in London during the last decade and the number of fine modern buildings, one of the most important being the Russell Hotel.

J. Hy. McL.



SITTING ROOM IN PRIVATE SUITE





